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*BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.*¹

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CHAPTER IV.

THE CLOUDED MOON.

Quand on se méfie on se trompe, quand on ne se méfie pas, on est trompé.

CHARLES DARRAGON had come to Dantzic a year earlier. He was a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and he was twenty-five. Many of his contemporaries were colonels in these days of quick promotion, when men lived at such a rate that few of them lived long. But Charles was too easy-going to envy any man.

When he arrived he knew no one in Dantzic, had few friends in the army of occupation. In six months he possessed acquaintances in every street, and was on terms of easy familiarity with all his fellow officers.

'If the army of occupation had more officers like young Darragon,' a town councillor had grimly said to Rapp, 'the Dantzigers would soon be resigned to your presence.'

It seemed that Charles had the gift of popularity. He was open and hearty, hail-fellow-well-met with the new-comers, who were numerous enough at this time, quick to understand the quiet men, ready to make merry with the gay. Regarding himself, he was quite open and frank.

'I am a poor devil of a lieutenant,' he said, 'that is all.'

Reserve is fatal to popularity: friendship cannot exist with-

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out it. Charles had, it seemed, nothing to hide, and was indifferent to the secrets of others. It is such people who receive many confidences.

‘But it must go no farther . . .’ a hundred men had said to him.

‘My friend, by to-morrow I shall have forgotten all about it,’ he invariably replied, which men remembered afterwards and were glad.

A certain sort of friendship seemed to exist between Charles Darragon and Colonel de Casimir—not without patronage on one side and a slightly constraining sense of obligation on the other. It was de Casimir who had introduced Charles to Mathilde Sebastian at a formal reception at General Rapp’s. Charles, of course, fell in love with Mathilde, and out again after half-an-hour’s conversation. There was something cold and calculating about Mathilde which held him at arm’s length with as much efficacy as the strictest duenna. Indeed, there are some maidens who require no better chaperon for their hearts than their own heads.

A few days after this introduction Charles met Mathilde and Désirée in the Langgasse, and he fell in love with Désirée. He went about for a whole week seeking opportunity to tell her without delay what had happened to him. The opportunity presented itself before long; for one morning he saw her walking quickly towards the Kuh-brücke with her skates swinging from her wrist. It was a sunny, still, winter morning, such as temperate countries never know. Désirée’s eyes were bright with youth and happiness. The cold air had slightly emphasised the rosy colour of her cheeks.

Charles caught his breath at the sight of her, though she did not happen to perceive him. He called a sleigh and drove to the barracks for his own skates. Then to the Kuh-brücke where a reach of the Mottlau was cleared and kept in order for skating. He overpaid the sleigh-driver and laughed aloud at the man’s boorish surprise. There was no one so happy as Charles Darragon in all the world. He was going to tell Désirée that he loved her.

At first Désirée was surprised, as was only natural. For she had not thought again of the pleasant young officer introduced to her by Mathilde. They had not even commented on him after he had made his gay bow and gone.

She had of course thought of these things in the abstract

when her busy mind had nothing more material and immediate to consider. She had probably arranged how some abstract person should some day tell her of his love and how she should make reply. But she had never imagined the incident as it actually happened. She had never pictured a youth in a picturesque uniform looking down at her with ardent eyes as he skated by her side through the crisp still air, while the ice sang a high clear song beneath their feet in accompaniment to his hurried laughing words of protestation. He seemed to touch life lightly and to anticipate nothing but happiness. In truth, it was difficult to be tragic on such a morning.

These were the heedless days of the beginning of the century, when men not only threw away their lives, but played ducks-and-drakes with their chances of happiness in a manner quite incomprehensible to the careful method of human thought to-day. Charles Darragon lived only in the present moment. He was in love with her. Désirée must marry him.

It was quite different from what she had anticipated. She had looked forward to such a moment with a secret misgiving. The abstract person of her thoughts had always inspired her with a painful shyness and an indefinite, breathless fear. But the lover who was here now in the flesh by her side inspired none of these feelings. On the contrary, she felt easy and natural and quite at home with him. There was nothing alarming about his flushed face and laughing eyes. She was not at all afraid of him. She even felt in some vague way older than he, though he had just told her that he was twenty-five and four years her senior.

She accepted the violets which he had hurriedly bought for her as he came through the Langenmarkt, but she would not say that she loved him, because she did not. She was in most ways quite a matter-of-fact person, and she was of an honest mind. She said she would think about it. She did not love him now—she knew that. She could not say that she would not learn to love him some day, but there seemed no likelihood of it at present. Then he would shoot himself! He would certainly shoot himself unless she learnt to love him! And she asked ‘When?’ and they both laughed. They changed the subject, but after a time they came back to it; which is the worst of love—one always comes back to it.

Then suddenly he began to assume an air of proprietorship, and burst into a hundred explanations of what fears he felt for

her; for her happiness and welfare. Her father was absent-minded and heedless. He was not a fit guardian for her. Was she not the prettiest girl in all Dantzic—in all the world? Her sister was not fond enough of her to care for her properly. He announced his intention of seeing her father the next day. Everything should be done in order. Not a word must be hinted by the most watchful neighbour against the perfect propriety of their betrothal.

Désirée laughed and said that he was progressing rather rapidly. She had only her instinct to guide her through these troubled waters; which was much better than experience. Experience in a woman is tantamount to a previous conviction against a prisoner.

Charles was grave, however; a rare tribute. He was in love for the first time, which often makes men quite honest for a brief period—even unselfish. Of course, some men are honest and unselfish all their lives; which perhaps means that they remain in love—for the first time—all their lives. They are rare, of course. But the sort of woman with whom it is possible to remain in love all through a life-time is rarer.

So Charles waylaid Antoine Sebastian the next day as he went out of the Frauenthor for his walk in the morning sun by the side of the frozen Mottlau. He was better received than he had any reason to expect.

‘I am only a lieutenant,’ he said, ‘but in these days, monsieur, you know—— there are possibilities.’

He laughed gaily as he waved his gloves in the direction of Russia, across the river. But Sebastian’s face clouded, and Charles, who was quick and sympathetic, abandoned that point in his argument almost before the words were out of his lips.

‘I have a little money,’ he said, ‘in addition to my pay. I assure you, monsieur, I am not of mean birth.’

‘You are an orphan?’ said Sebastian curtly.

‘Yes.’

‘Of the . . . Terror?’

‘Yes; I—— well, one does not make much of one’s parentage in these rough times—monsieur.’

‘Your father’s name was Charles—like your own?’

‘Yes.’

‘The second son?’

‘Yes, monsieur. Did you know him?’

'One remembers a name here and there,' answered Sebastian, in his stiff manner, looking straight in front of him.

'There was a tone in your voice——,' began Charles, and, again perceiving that he was on a false scent, broke off abruptly. 'If love can make mademoiselle happy——,' he said; and a gesture of his right hand seemed to indicate that his passion was beyond the measure of words.

So Charles Darragon was permitted to pay his addresses to Désirée in the somewhat formal manner of a day which, upon careful consideration, will be found to have been no more foolish than the present. He made no inquiries respecting Désirée's parentage. It was Désirée he wanted, and that was all. They understood the arts of love and war in the great days of the Empire.

The rest was easy enough, and the gods were kind. Charles had even succeeded in getting a month's leave of absence. They were to spend their honeymoon at Zoppot, a little fishing village hidden in the pines by the Baltic shore, only eight miles from Dantzig, where the Vistula loses itself at last in the salt water.

All these arrangements had been made, as Désirée had prepared her trousseau, with a zest and gaiety which all were invited to enjoy. It is said that love is an egoist. Charles and Désirée had no desire to keep their happiness to themselves, but wore it, as it were, upon their sleeves.

The attitude of the Frauengasse towards Désirée's wedding was only characteristic of the period. Every house in Dantzig looked askance upon its neighbour at this time. Each roof covered a number of contending interests.

Some were for the French, and some for the conqueror's unwilling ally, William of Prussia. The names above the shops were German and Polish. There were Scotch names also, here as elsewhere on the Baltic shores. When the serfs were liberated it was necessary to find surnames for these free men—these Pauls-the-son-of-Paul; and the nobles of Esthonia and Lithuania were reading Sir Walter Scott at the time.

The burghers of Dantzig ('They must be made to pay, these rich Dantzigers,' wrote Napoleon to Rapp) trembled for their wealth, and stood aghast by their empty counting-houses; for their gods had been cast down; commerce was at a standstill. There were many, therefore, who hated the French, and cherished a secret love of those bluff British captains—so like themselves in

build, and thought, and slowness of speech—who would thrash their wooden brigs through the shallow seas, despite decrees and threats and sloops-of-war, so long as they could lay them alongside the granaries of the Vistula. Lately the very tolls had been collected by a French customs service, and the wholesale smuggling, to which even Governor Rapp—that long-headed Alsatian—had closed his eyes, was at an end.

Again, the Poles who looked on Dantzig as the seaport of that great kingdom of Eastern Europe which was and is no more, had been assured that France would set up again the throne of the Jagellons and the Sobieskis. There was a Poniatowski high in the Emperor's service and esteem. The Poles were for France.

The Jew, hurrying along close by the wall—always in the shadow—traded with all and trusted none. Who could tell what thoughts were hidden beneath the ragged fur cap—what revenge awaited its consummation in the heart crushed by oppression and contempt?

Besides these civilians there were many who had a military air within their civil garb. For the pendulum of war had swung right across from Cadiz to Dantzig, and swept northwards in its wake the merchants of death, the men who live by feeding soldiers and rifling the dead.

All these were in the streets, rubbing shoulders with the gay epaulettes of the Saxons, the Badeners, the Würtembergers, the Westphalians, and the Hessians, who had been poured into Dantzig by Napoleon during the months when he had continued to exchange courteous and affectionate letters with Alexander of Russia. For more than a year the broad-faced Bavarians (who have borne the brunt of every war in Central Europe) had been peaceably quartered in the town. Half-a-dozen different tongues were daily heard in this city of the plain, and no man knew who might be his friend and who his enemy. For some who were allies to-day were commanded by their kings to slay each other to-morrow.

In the wine-cellars and the humbler beer-shops, in the great houses of the councillors, and behind the snowy lace curtains of the Frauengasse and the Portchaisengasse a thousand slow Northerners spoke of these things and kept them in their hearts. A hundred secret societies passed from mouth to mouth instruction, warning, encouragement. Germany has always been the home of the secret society. Northern Europe gave birth to those countless

associations which have proved stronger than kings and surer than a throne. The Hanseatic League, the first of the commercial unions which were destined to build up the greatest empire of the world, lived longest in Dantzic.

The Tugendbund, men whispered, was not dead but sleeping. Napoleon, who had crushed it once, was watching for its revival; had a whole army of his matchless secret police ready for it. And the Tugendbund had had its centre in Dantzic.

Perhaps, in the Rathskeller itself—one of the largest wine stores in the world, where tables and chairs are set beneath the arches of the Exchange, a vast cave under the streets—perhaps here the Tugendbund still encouraged men to be virtuous and self-denying, for no other or higher purpose than the overthrow of the Scourge of Europe. Here the richer citizens have met from time immemorial to drink with solemnity and a decent leisure the wines sent hither in their own ships from the Rhine, from Greece and the Crimea, from Bordeaux and Burgundy, from the Champagne and Tokay. This is not only the Rathskeller, but the real Rathhaus, where the Dantzigers have taken counsel over their afternoon wine from generation to generation, whence have been issued to all the world those decrees of probity and a commercial uprightness between buyer and seller, debtor and creditor, master and man, which reached to every corner of the commercial world. And now it was whispered that the latter-day Dantzigers—the sons of those who formed the Hanseatic League: mostly fat men with large faces and shrewd, calculating eyes; high foreheads; good solid men, who knew the world, and how to make their way in it; withal, good judges of a wine and great drinkers, like that William the Silent, who braved and met and conquered the European scourge of mediæval times—it was whispered that these were reviving the Tugendbund.

Amid such contending interests, and in a free city so near to several frontiers, men came and went without attracting undesired attention. Each party suspected a newcomer of belonging to the other.

‘He scrapes a fiddle,’ Koch had explained to the inquiring fishwife. And perhaps he knew no more than this of Antoine Sebastian. Sebastian was poor. All the Frauengasse knew that. But the Frauengasse itself was poor, and no man in Dantzic was so foolish at this time as to admit that he had possessions.

This was, moreover, not the day of display or snobbery. The

king of snobs, Louis XVI., had died to some purpose, for a wave of manliness had swept across human thought at the beginning of the century. The world has rarely been the poorer for the demise of a Bourbon.

The Frauengasse knew that Antoine Sebastian played the fiddle to gain his daily bread, while his two daughters taught dancing for that same safest and most satisfactory of all motives.

'But he holds his head so high!' once observed the stout and matter-of-fact daughter of a Councillor. 'Why has he that grand manner?'

'Because he is a dancing master,' replied Désirée, with a grave assurance. 'He does it so that you may copy him. Chin up. Oh! how fat you are.'

Désirée herself was slim enough and as yet only half grown. She did not dance so well as Mathilde, who moved through a quadrille with the air of a duchess, and threw into a polonaise or mazurka a quiet grace which was the envy and despair of her pupils. Mathilde was patient with the slow and heavy of foot, while Désirée told them bluntly that they were fat. Nevertheless, they were afraid of Mathilde, and only laughed at Désirée when she rushed angrily at them, and, seizing them by the arms, danced them round the room with the energy of despair.

Sebastian, who had an oddly judicial air, such as men acquire who are in authority, held the balance evenly between the sisters, and smiled apologetically over his fiddle towards the victim of Désirée's impetuosity.

'Yes,' he would reply to watching mothers, who tried to lead him to say that their daughter was the best dancer in the school: 'Yes, Mathilde puts it into their heads, and Désirée shakes it down to their feet.'

In all matters of the household Désirée played a similar part. She was up early and still astir after nine o'clock at night, when the other houses in the Frauengasse were quiet, if there were work to do.

'It is because she has no method,' said Mathilde, who had herself a well-ordered mind, and that quickness which never needs to hurry.

CHAPTER V.

THE WEISSEN RÖSS'L.

The moth will singe her wings, and singed return,
Her love of light quenching her fear of pain.

THERE are quite a number of people who get through life without realising their own insignificance. Ninety-nine out of a hundred persons signify nothing, and the hundredth is usually so absorbed in the message which he has been sent into the world to deliver that he loses sight of the messenger altogether.

By a merciful dispensation of Providence we are permitted to bustle about in our immediate little circle like the ant, running hither and thither with all the sublime conceit of that insect. We pick up, as he does, a burden which on close inspection will be found to be absolutely valueless, something that somebody else has thrown away. We hoist it over obstructions while there is usually a short way round; we fret and sweat and fume. Then we drop the burden and rush off at a tangent to pick up another. We write letters to our friends explaining to them what we are about. We even indite diaries to be read by goodness knows whom, explaining to ourselves what we have been doing. Sometimes we find something that really looks valuable, and rush to our particular heap with it while our neighbours pause and watch us. But they really do not care; and if the rumour of our discovery reach so far as the next ant-heap, the bustlers there are almost indifferent, though a few may feel a passing pang of jealousy. They may perhaps remember our name, and will soon forget what we discovered—which is Fame. While we are falling over each other to attain this, and dying to tell each other what it feels like when we have it, or think we have it, let us pause for a moment and think of an ant—who kept a diary.

Désirée did not keep a diary. Her life was too busy for ink. She had had to work for her daily bread, which is better than riches. Her life had been full of occupation from morning till night, and God had given her sleep from night till morning. It is better to work for others than to think for them. Some day the world will learn to have a greater respect for the workers than for the thinkers, who are idle, wordy persons, frequently thinking wrong.

Désirée remembered the siege and the occupation of Dantzic

by French troops. She was at school in the Jopengasse when the Treaty of Tilsit—that peace which was nothing but a pause—was concluded. She had seen Luisa of Prussia, the good Queen who baffled Napoleon. Her childhood had passed away in the roar of siege-guns. Her girlhood, in the Frauengasse, had been marked by the various woes of Prussia, by each successive step in the development of Napoleon's ambition. There were no bogey-men in the night-nursery at the beginning of the century. One Aaron's rod of a bogey had swallowed all the rest, and children buried their sobs in the pillow for fear of Napoleon. There were no ghosts in the dark corners of the stairs when Désirée, candle in hand, went to bed at eight o'clock, half-an-hour before Mathilde. The shadows on the wall were the shadows of soldiers—the wind roaring in the chimney was like the sound of distant cannon. When the timid glanced over their shoulders, the apparition they looked for was that of a little man in a cocked hat and a long grey coat.

This was not an age in which the individual life was highly valued. Men were great to-day and gone to-morrow. Women were of small account. It was the day of deeds and not of words. In these latter times all that is changed, and the talker has a hearing.

Désirée had never been oppressed by a sense of her own importance, which oppression leaves its mark on many a woman's face in these times. She had not, it would seem, expected much from life; and when much was given to her she received it without misgivings. She was young and light-hearted, and she lived in a reckless age.

She was not surprised when Charles failed to return. The chaise that was to carry them to Zoppot stood in the Frauengasse on the shady side of the street in the heat of the afternoon for more than an hour. Then she ran out and told the driver to go back to his stables.

'One cannot go for a honeymoon alone,' she explained airily to her father, who was peevish and restless, standing by the window with the air of one who expects without knowing what to expect. 'It is, at all events, quite clear that there is nothing for me to do but wait.'

She made light of it, and laughed at her father's grave face. Mathilde said nothing, but her silence seemed to suggest that this was no more than she had foretold, or at all events foreseen.

She was too proud or too generous to put her thoughts into words. For pride and generosity are often confounded. There are many who give because they are too proud to withhold.

Désirée got her needlework and sat by the open window awaiting Charles. She could hear the continuous clatter of carts on the quay, and the voices of the men working in the great granaries across the river.

The whole city seemed to be astir, and men hurried to and fro in even the quiet Frauengasse, while the clatter of cavalry and the heavy rumble of gun-carriages could be heard over the roofs from the direction of the Langenmarkt. There was a sense of hurry in the dusty air. The Emperor had arrived, and the magic of his name lifted men out of themselves. It seemed nothing extraordinary to Désirée that her life should be taken up by this whirlwind, and carried on she knew not whither.

At dinner-time Charles had not returned. Antoine Sebastian dined at half-past four, in the manner of Northern Europe; but his daughters provided his table with the lighter meats of France, which he preferred to the German cuisine. Sebastian's dinner was an event in the day, though he ate sparingly enough, and found a mental rather than a physical pleasure in the ceremonious sequence of courses.

It was now too late to think of going to Zoppot. After dinner Mathilde and Désirée prepared the rooms which had been destined for the occupation of the married pair after the honeymoon.

'We shall have to omit Zoppot, that is all,' said Désirée cheerfully, and fell to unpacking the bridal clothes which had been so merrily laid in the trunks.

At half-past six a soldier brought a hurried note from Charles.

'I cannot return to-night, as I am about to start for Königsberg,' he wrote. 'It is a commission which I could not refuse if I wished to. You, I know, would have me go and do my duty.'

There was more which Désirée did not read aloud. Charles had always found it easy enough to tell Désirée how much he loved her, and was gaily indifferent to the ears of others. But she seemed to be restrained by some feeling which had found birth in her heart during her wedding-day. She said nothing of Charles's protestations of love.

'Decidedly,' she said folding the letter, and placing it in her work-basket. 'Fate is interfering in our affairs to-day.'

She turned to her work again without further complaint, almost with a sense of relief. Mathilde, whose steady grey eyes saw everything, penetrating every thought, glanced at her with a suddenly aroused interest. Désirée herself was half surprised at the philosophy with which she met this fresh misfortune.

Antoine Sebastian had never acquired the habit of drinking tea in the evening, which had found favour in these northern countries bordering on Russia. Instead, he usually went out at this time to one of the many wine-rooms or Bier Halles in the town to drink a slow and meditative glass of beer with such friends as he had made in Dantzig. For he was a lonely man, whose face was quite familiar to many who looked for a bow or a friendly salutation in vain.

If he went to the Rathskeller it was on the invitation of a friend; for he could not afford to pay the vintage of that cellar, though he drank the wine with the slow mouthing of a connoisseur when he had it.

More often than not he took a walk first, passing out of the Frauenthor on to the quay, where he turned to left or right and made his way back through one or other of the town gates, by devious narrow streets, to that which is still called the Portchaisengasse, though chairs and carriers have long ceased to pass along it. Here, on the northern side of the street is an old inn, 'Zum weissen Röss'l,' with a broken, ill-carved head of a white horse above the door. Across the face of the house is written, in old German letters, an invitation:

Grüss Gott. Tritt ein!
Bring Glück herein.

But few seemed to accept it. Even a hundred years ago the White Horse was behind the times, and fashion sought the wider streets.

Antoine Sebastian was perhaps ashamed of frequenting so humble a house of entertainment, where for a groschen he could have a glass of beer. He seemed to make his way through the narrower streets for some purpose, changing his route from day to day, and hurrying across the wider thoroughfares with the air of one desirous to attract but little attention. He was not alone in the quiet streets, for there were many in Dantzig at this time who from wealth had fallen to want. Many counting-houses once noisy with prosperity were now closed and silent. For five years

the prosperous Dantzig had lain crushed beneath the iron heel of the conqueror.

It would seem that Sebastian had only waited for the explanation of Charles's most ill-timed absence to carry out his usual programme. The clock in the tower of the Rathhaus had barely struck seven when he took his hat and cloak from the peg near the dining-room door. He was so absorbed that he did not perceive Papa Barlasch seated just within the open door of the kitchen. But Barlasch saw him, and scratched his head at the sight.

The northern evenings are chill even in June, and Sebastian fumbled with his cloak. It would appear that he was little used to helping himself in such matters. Barlasch came out of the kitchen when Sebastian's back was turned and helped him to put the flowing cloak straight upon his shoulders.

'Thank you, Lisa, thank you,' said Sebastian in German, without looking round. By accident Barlasch had performed one of Lisa's duties, and the master of the house was too deeply engaged in thought to notice any difference in the handling or to perceive the smell of snuff that heralded the approach of Papa Barlasch.

Sebastian took his hat and went out closing the door behind him, and leaving Barlasch, who had followed him to the door, standing rather stupidly on the mat.

'Absent-minded—the citizen,' muttered Barlasch, returning to the kitchen, where he resumed his seat on a chair by the open door. He scratched his head and appeared to lapse into thought. But his brain was slow as were his movements. He had been drinking to the health of the bride. He thumped himself on the brow with his closed fist.

'Sacred-name-of-a-thunderstorm,' he said. 'Where have I seen that face before?'

Sebastian went out by the Frauenthor to the quay. Although it was dusk the granaries were still at work. The river was full of craft and the roadway choked by rows and rows of carts, all of one pattern, too big and too heavy for roads that are laid across a marsh.

He turned to the right, but found his way blocked at the corner of the Langenmarkt, where the road narrows to pass under the Grünes Thor. Here the idlers of the evening hour were collected in a crowd, peering over each other's shoulders towards the roadway and the bridge. Sebastian was a tall man, and had no

need to stand on tip-toe in order to see the straight rows of bayonets swinging past, and the line of shakos rising and falling in unison with the beat of a thousand feet on the hollow wood-work of the drawbridge.

The troops had been passing out of the city all the afternoon on the road to Elbing and Königsberg.

'It is the same,' said a man standing near to Sebastian, 'at the Hohes Thor, where they are marching out by the road leading to Königsberg by way of Dessau.'

'It is farther than Königsberg that they are going,' was the significant answer of a white-haired veteran who had probably been at Eylau, for he had a crushed look.

'But war is not declared,' said the first speaker.

'Does that matter?'

And both turned towards Sebastian with the challenging air that invites opinion or calls for admiration of uncommon shrewdness. He was better clad than they. He must know more than they did. But Sebastian looked over their heads and did not seem to have heard their conversation.

He turned back and went another way, by side streets and the little narrow alleys that nearly always encircle a cathedral, and are still to be found on all sides of the Marienkirche. At last he came to the Portchaisengasse, which was quiet enough in the twilight, though he could hear the tramp of soldiers along the Langgasse and the rumble of the guns.

There were only two lamps in the Portchaisengasse, swinging on wrought-iron gibbets at each end of the street. These were not yet alight, though the day was fading fast, and the western light could scarcely find its way between the high gables which hung over the road and seemed to lean confidentially towards each other.

Sebastian was going towards the door of the Weissen Röss'l when someone came out of the hostelry, as if he had been awaiting him within the porch.

The newcomer, who was a fat man with baggy cheeks and odd, light blue eyes—the eyes of an enthusiast, one would say—passed Sebastian, making a little gesture which at once recommended silence, and bade him turn and follow. At the entrance to a little alley leading down towards the Marienkirche the fat man awaited Sebastian, whose pace had not quickened, nor had his walk lost any of its dignity.

'Not there to-night,' said the man, holding up a thick forefinger and shaking it sideways.

'Then where?'

'Nowhere to-night,' was the answer. 'He has come—you know that?'

'Yes,' answered Sebastian slowly, 'for I saw him.'

'He is at supper now with Rapp and the others. The town is full of his people. His spies are everywhere. There are two in the Weissen Röss'l who pretend to be Bavarians. See! There is another—just there.'

He pointed the thick forefinger down the Portchaisengasse where it widens to meet the Langgasse, where the last remains of daylight, reflected to and fro between the houses, found freer play than in the narrow alley where they stood.

Sebastian looked in the direction indicated. An officer was walking away from them. A quick observer would have noticed that his spurs made no noise, and that he carried his sword instead of allowing it to clatter after him. It was not clear whence he had come. It must have been from a doorway nearly opposite to the Weissen Röss'l.

'I know that man,' said Sebastian.

'So do I,' was the reply. 'It is Colonel de Casimir.'

With a little nod the fat man went out again into the Portchaisengasse in the direction of the inn, as if he were keeping watch there.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHOEMAKER OF KÖNIGSBERG.

Chacun ne comprend que ce qu'il trouve en soi.

NEARLY two years had passed since the death of Queen Luisa of Prussia. And she from her grave yet spake to her people—as sixty years later she was destined to speak to another King of Prussia, who said a prayer by her tomb before departing on a journey that was to end in Fontainebleau with an imperial crown and the reckoning for all time of the seven years of woe that followed Tilsit and killed a queen.

Two years earlier than that, in 1808, while Luisa yet lived, a few scientists and professors of Königsberg had formed a sort of Union—vague enough and visionary—to encourage virtue and

discipline and patriotism. And now, in 1812, four years later, the memory of Luisa still lingered in those narrow streets that run by the banks of the Pregel beneath the great castle of Königsberg, while the Tugendbund, like a seed that has been crushed beneath an iron heel, had spread its roots underground.

From Dantzig, the commercial, to Königsberg, the kingly and the learned, the tide of war rolled steadily onwards. It is a tide that carries before it a certain flotsam of quick and active men, keen-eyed, restless, rising—men who speak with a sharp authority and pay from a bottomless purse. The arrival of Napoleon in Dantzig swept the first of the tide on to Königsberg.

Already every house was full. The high-gabled warehouses on the river-side could not be used for barracks, for they too had been crammed from floor to roof with stores and arms. So the soldiers slept where they could. They bivouacked in the timber-yards by the river-side. The country-women found the Neuer Markt transformed into a camp when they brought their baskets in the early morning, but they met with eager buyers, who haggled laughingly in half-a-dozen different tongues. There was no lack of money, however.

Cartloads of it were on the road.

The Neuer Markt in Königsberg is a square, of which the lower side is a quay on the Pregel. The river is narrow here. Across it the country is open. The houses surrounding the quadrangle are all alike—two-storied buildings with dormer windows in the roof. There are trees in front. In front of that which is now Number Thirteen, at the right hand corner, facing west, sideways to the river, the trees grow quite close to the windows, so that an active man or a boy might without great risk leap from the eaves below the dormer window into the topmost branches of the linden, which here grows strong and tough, as it surely should do in the fatherland.

A young soldier, seeking lodgings, who happened to knock at the door of Number Thirteen less than thirty hours after the arrival of Napoleon at Dantzig, looked upward through the shady boughs and noted their growth with the light of interest in his eye. It would almost seem that the house had been described to him as that one in the Neuer Markt against which the lindens grew. For he had walked all round the square between the trees and houses before knocking at this door, which bore no number then, as it does to-day.

His tired horse had followed him meditatively, and now stood with drooping head in the shade. The man himself wore a dark uniform, white with dust. His hair was dusty and rather lank. He was not a very tidy soldier.

He stood looking at the sign which swung from the door-post, a relic of the Polish days. It bore the painted semblance of a boot. For in Poland—a frontier country, as in frontier cities where many tongues are heard—it is the custom to paint a picture rather than write a word. So that every house bears the sign of its inmate's craft, legible alike to Lithuanian or Ruthenian, Swede or Cossack of the Don.

He knocked again, and at last the door was opened by a thickly-built man, who looked, not at his face, but at his boots. As these wanted no repair he half closed the door again and looked at the new-comer's face.

'What do you want?' he asked.

'A lodging.'

The door was almost closed in his face, when the soldier made an odd and, as it would seem, tentative gesture with his left hand. All the fingers were clenched, and with his extended thumb he scratched his chin slowly from side to side.

'I have no lodging to let,' said the bootmaker. But he did not shut the door.

'I can pay,' said the other, with his thumb still at his chin. He had quick, blue eyes beneath the shaggy hair that wanted cutting. 'I am very tired—it is only for one night.'

'Who are you?' asked the bootmaker.

The soldier was a dull and slow man. He leant against the door-post with tired gestures before replying.

'Sergeant in a Schleswig regiment, in charge of spare horses.'

'And you have come far?'

'From Dantzic without a halt.'

The shoemaker looked him up and down with a doubting eye, as if there were something about him that was not quite clear and above-board. The dust and fatigue were, however, unmistakable.

'Who sent you to me, anyway?' he grumbled.

'Oh, I do not know,' was the half-impatient answer; 'the man I lodged with in Dantzic or another, I forget. It was Koch the locksmith in the Schmiedegasse. See, I have money.

I tell you it is for one night. Say yes or no. I want to get to bed and to sleep.'

'How much do you pay?'

'A thaler—if you like. Among friends, one is willing to pay.'

After a short minute of hesitation the shoemaker opened the door wider and came out.

'And there will be another thaler for the horse, which I shall have to take to the stable of the wood merchant at the corner. Go into the workshop and sit down till I come.'

He stood in the doorway and watched the soldier seat himself wearily on a bench in the workshop among the ancient boots, past repair, one would think, and lean his head against the wall.

He was half asleep already, and the bootmaker, who was lame, shrugged his shoulders as he led away the tired horse, with a gesture half of pity, half of doubting suspicion. Had it suggested itself to his mind, and had it been within the power of one so halt and heavy-footed to turn back noiselessly, he would have found his visitor wide-awake enough, hurriedly opening every drawer and peering under the twine and needles, lifting every bale of leather, shaking out the very boots awaiting repair.

When the dweller in Number Thirteen returned, the soldier was asleep, and had to be shaken before he would open his eyes.

'Will you eat before you go to bed?' asked the bootmaker not unkindly.

'I ate as I came along the street,' was the reply. 'No, I will go to bed. What time is it?'

'It is only seven o'clock—but no matter.'

'No, it is no matter. To-morrow I must be astir by five.'

'Good,' said the shoemaker. 'But you will get your money's worth. The bed is a good one. It is my son's. He is away, and I am alone in the house.'

He led the way upstairs as he spoke, going heavily one step at a time, so that the whole house seemed to shake beneath his tread. The room was that attic in the roof which has a dormer window overhanging the linden tree. It was small and not too clean; for Königsberg was once a Polish city, and is not far from the Russian frontier.

The soldier hardly noticed his surroundings, but sat down instantly, with the abandonment of a shepherd's dog at the day's end.

'I will put a stitch in your boots for you while you sleep,'

said the host casually. 'The thread is rotten, I can see. Look here—and here!'

He stooped, and with a quick turn of the awl which he carried in his belt he snapped the sewing at the join of the leg and the upper leather, bringing the frayed ends of the thread out to view.

Without answering, the soldier looked round for the boot-jack, lacking which, no German or Polish bedroom is complete.

When the bootmaker had gone, carrying the boots under his arm, the soldier, left to himself, made a grimace at the closed door. Without boots he was a prisoner in the house. He could hear his host at work already, downstairs in the shop, of which the door opened to the stairs and allowed passage to that smell of leather which breeds Radical convictions.

The regular 'tap-tap' of the cobbler's hammer continued for an hour until dusk, and all the while the soldier lay dressed on his bed. Soon after, a creaking of the stairs told of the surreptitious approach of the unwilling host. He listened outside, and even tried the door, but found it bolted. The soldier, open-eyed on the bed, snored aloud. At the sound of the key on the outside of the door he made a grimace again. His features were very mobile, for Schleswig.

He heard the bootmaker descend the stairs again almost noiselessly, and, rising from the bed, he took his station at the window. All the Langgasse would seem to be eating-houses. The basement, which has a separate door, gives forth odours of simple Pomeranian meats, and every other house bears to this day the curt but comforting inscription, 'Here one eats.' It was only to be supposed that the bootmaker at the end of his day would repair for supper to some special haunt near by.

But the smell of cooking mingling with that of leather told that he was preparing his own evening meal. He was, it seemed, an unsociable man, who had but a son beneath his roof, and mostly lived alone.

Seated near the window, where the sunset light yet lingered, the Schleswiger opened his haversack, which was well supplied, and finding paper, pens and ink, fell to writing with one eye watchful of the window and both ears listening for any movement in the room below.

He wrote easily with a running pen, and sometimes he smiled as he wrote. More than once he paused and looked across the Neuer Markt above the trees and the roofs, towards the western

sky, with a sudden grave wistfulness. He was thinking of some one in the west. It was assuredly not of war that this soldier wrote. Then again his attention would be attracted to some passer in the street below. He only gave half of his attention to his letter. He was, it seemed, a man who as yet touched life lightly; for he was quite young. But, nevertheless, his pen, urged by only half a mind that had all the energy of spring, flew over the paper. Sowing is so much easier than reaping.

Suddenly he threw his pen aside and moved quickly to the window which stood open. The shoemaker had gone out, closing the door softly behind him.

It was to be expected that he would turn to the left, upwards towards the town and the Langgasse, but it was in the direction of the river that his footsteps died away. There was no outlet on that side except by boat.

It was almost dark now, and the trees growing close to the window obscured the view. So eager was the lodger to follow the movements of his landlord that he crept in stocking-feet out on to the roof. By lying on his face below the window he could just distinguish the shadowy form of a lame man by the river edge. He was moving to and fro, unchaining a boat moored to the steps, which are more used in winter when the Pregel is a frozen roadway than in summer. There was no one else in the Neuer Markt, for it was the supper hour.

Out in the middle of the river a few ships were moored: high-prowed, square-sterned vessels of a Dutch build trading in the Frische Haaf and in the Baltic.

The soldier saw the boat steal out towards them. There was no other boat at the steps or in sight. He stood up on the edge of the roof, and after carefully measuring his distance, with quick eyes aglow with excitement, he leapt lightly across the leafy space into the topmost boughs, where he alighted in a forked branch almost without sound.

At dawn the next morning, while the shoemaker still slept, the soldier was astir again. He shivered as he rose, and went to the window, where his clothes were hanging from a rafter. The water was still dripping from them. Wrapt in a blanket he sat down by the open window to write while the morning air should dry his clothes.

That which he wrote was a long report—sheet after sheet closely written. And in the middle of his work he broke off to

read again the letter that he had written the night before. With a quick, impulsive gesture he kissed the name it bore. Then he turned to his work again.

The sun was up before he folded the papers together. By way of a postscript he wrote a brief letter.

‘DEAR C.—I have been fortunate, as you will see from the enclosed report. His Majesty cannot again say that I have been neglectful. I was quite right. It is Sebastian and only Sebastian that we need fear. Here they are clumsy conspirators compared to him. I have been in the river half the night listening at the open stern-window of a Reval pink to every word they said. His Majesty can safely come to Königsberg. Indeed, he is better out of Dantzic. For the whole country is riddled with that which they call patriotism, and we treason. But I can only repeat what his Majesty disbelieved the day before yesterday—that the heart of the ill is Dantzic, and the venom of it Sebastian. Who he really is and what he is about you must find out how you can. I go forward to-day to Gumbinnen. The enclosed letter to its address, I beg of you, if only in acknowledgment of all that I have sacrificed.’

The letter was unsigned, and bore the date ‘Dawn, June 10.’ This and the report, and that other letter (carefully sealed with a wafer) which did not deal with war or its alarms, were all placed in one large envelope. He did not seal it, however, but sat thinking while the sun began to shine on the opposite houses. Then he withdrew the open letter and added a postscript to it:

‘If an attempt were made on N.’s life—I should say Sebastian. If Prussia were to play us false suddenly and cut us off from France—I should say nothing else than Sebastian. He is more dangerous than a fanatic; for he is too clever to be one.’

The writer shivered and laughed in sheer amusement at his own misery as he drew on his wet clothes. The shoemaker was already astir, and presently knocked at his door.

‘Yes, yes,’ he cried, ‘I am astir.’

And as his host rattled the door he opened it. He had unrolled his long cavalry cloak and wore it over his wet clothes.

‘You never told me your name,’ said the shoemaker. A suspicious man is always more suspicious at the beginning of the day.

‘My name,’ answered the other carelessly. ‘Oh! my name is Max Brunner.’

(To be continued).

MONSIEUR THIERS.

By SIR ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT, BART.

MARIE-JOSEPH-LOUIS-ADOLPHE THIERS was born at Marseilles on April 18, 1797, and died on September 3, at Saint-Germain, in 1877. The period during which he lived was exceptionally remarkable for the vicissitudes of his country. In the year preceding his birth the first campaign of Italy revealed to the world the genius of General Buonaparte. The recollections of his childhood and his youth were associated with the glories and heroic fall of the First Empire. The disastrous circumstances which accompanied the end of the Second, and which were the result of the supercilious ignorance and lethargic self-complacency which caused Frenchmen in high places and the general French public to ignore Prussian preparations to overthrow the power of France, cast a dark shadow over the evening of his life. He was intended for a military career. The fall of Napoleon caused a change of plan. In the year of Waterloo he went to Aix to study law.

At Aix he and Mignet became friends. This friendship lasted through their lives. Mignet became, as we all know, one of the greatest historians who wrote during the nineteenth century. His history of Charles the Fifth remains to this day of considerable value. He was in many respects a striking contrast to Thiers, and his graceful manners and charming temper made him extremely popular and efficient when, at the death of d'Hauterive, he became Keeper of the Archives of the Foreign Office. When he and Thiers were at Aix together they agreed that whichever of them first got to Paris would assist the other to get there.

Mignet went to Paris in July 1821, and shortly afterwards, in the month of September, Thiers joined him. They lived together in two small rooms in a little hotel in the Passage Montesquieu. From that month of September 1821 to the year 1830 the life of Thiers was of exceptional activity. He was recommended to Manuel by Dr. Arnaud, like himself a Provençal, and by Manuel introduced to Lafitte. He then became one of the regular members of the staff of the 'Constitutionnel,' which was the most influential of the newspapers hostile to the Restoration. He and Mignet were inseparable. I think it was Talleyrand who at that

time gave them the name of 'Les Deux Frères Provençaux,' in allusion to the famous restaurant in the Palais Royal called 'Les Trois Frères Provençaux.' Some fifty years after that time I got to know them both in Paris. They met then almost every day. They used often to play tennis together, and although past three score and ten they could both wield a racket deftly. From what I observed then I should doubt whether Mignet had at any time very great influence on the opinions or public action of his friend. He seemed to me absorbed in historical studies; a warm supporter, of course, of the Government of Thiers, deeply interested no doubt in all the important political problems of the day, but taking no very active part in affairs of State.

I once saw Monsieur Thiers under very interesting circumstances at Versailles, when he was President of the Republic. I went to him in the evening with Lord Lyons. As we entered the ante-room there was not a sound to be heard. The entrance to the reception-room was wide open. When we got there, we perceived Monsieur Thiers in an armchair fast asleep. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was sitting next him, and held up a hand to signify that no noise was to be made. Standing in a semi-circle in front of the sleeping President were a motley group of persons of uncertain political and social reputation, among them the historian, Henri Martin. When Thiers woke up his eyes fell on Lord Lyons; he instantly came to the Ambassador and graciously remembered me. We were some distance apart from everybody else, and Thiers, looking at his Falstaff's regiment of admirers, said :

'Je n'aime pas ces gens-là, mais que voulez-vous ! Je les façonne, je les façonne—I give them some notions of Government.' And then he added, with a certain vulgarity, which I think he affected, 'Ils sentent mauvais : c'est vrai, c'est vrai ; mais on s'habitue, on s'habitue.' Like all great men that I have known he was extremely interested in youth, and devoted a great portion of that evening to me, speaking with freedom of the important events in his life and of the men with whom he had been associated. He laid particular stress on the wisdom and adroitness of Talleyrand, and, talking of the Congress of Vienna and of the services which Talleyrand had rendered to France at the time of the fall of the Empire, he spoke of the treaties of 1815 in a tone which I could not help contrasting with the speeches in which he had often alluded to them when Louis Philippe was King and during the

last days of the Second Empire. He had lived to learn the deep interest which France really had in maintaining those treaties, and how their destruction was inevitably followed by an aggrandised Prussian Power, which Talleyrand knew would, if possible, deprive France of her position in Europe. The daily life of Thiers was very peculiar. He rose always at a very early hour, about five o'clock in the morning, seldom later. After a cup of coffee and a light repast he would work steadily for many hours. Then he usually took a walk, or would perhaps play a game of tennis, before breakfast, which meal was served at the usual French hour. Then he would speak to his friends and go out for a drive, sometimes pay visits, and return a little after four, when he went regularly to bed and slept till it was time to get ready for dinner. For some extraordinary reason his dinner hour was *ten minutes to eight*, and he was very punctual. After dinner he always slept for twenty minutes or half an hour, and then would remain up chatting and talking to a late hour. His brightest moment was always subsequent to his after-dinner sleep. No one could be more agreeable in conversation, more easy or natural, or more ready to impart information without being prolix. He was a true Provençal in all his tastes and habits. He loved the bright sun of his native Provence. He thoroughly appreciated the peculiar charm of the coast near Marseilles, the beauty of the grey olive groves and the smile of the Mediterranean. He preferred the dishes of Provence to almost any others. He used to mix oil liberally with his food, and I remember, at a dinner at the Duchesse Galliera's, a fair-sized bottle of oil was specially placed next his plate and he consumed it all !

Towards the end of his life he wished to write a book on the enigma of existence, and, just as when engaged in composing his history of the Consulate and the Empire he had appealed to authorities like Jomini, Louis, and Talleyrand, and had taken care when in England to get what he could from the great Duke of Wellington, so he now, in the evening of his days, sat at the feet of Pasteur, and other great scientific authorities, to obtain instruction bearing on the subject he was meditating upon. As far as religion was concerned, Thiers was indifferent to all forms. For Catholicism especially he had only political sympathies. The Church, as organised in France, was, in his opinion, a useful institution and tended to cultivate in the untutored multitude that respect for authority and law which is the outcome of reason in cultivated

minds, and the absence of which in the masses of the people would be destructive to the State. The very last time that I saw him, and almost the last words I heard him say, was to express to an old friend of his, a devout and intelligent Catholic lady, his entire rejection of all essential Christian doctrines. He once wrote to a friend as follows :

Bien certainement, il doit y avoir quelque chose derrière la toile sur laquelle sont peints les événements d'ici-bas, sans quoi la dérision serait trop grande.

This really means that a vague belief in an overruling Providence and in immortality comprised his entire religion. This creed is neither original nor profound, but it is exactly what might be expected to be the faith of Thiers. He was not himself original or profound. He once described Madame Staël as the 'perfection of mediocrity,' and an ill-natured person or a hostile critic might apply that phrase to himself—not altogether fairly, for portions of his work will live as long as mankind take an interest in Napoleon. I can quote the high authority of Prince Metternich for saying this as regards the fifteenth volume of the history of the Consulate and the Empire. Metternich often said the events connected with the decline of the First Empire, especially those which took place in 1813, the policy of Austria and his own aims as they are set forth by Thiers in this fifteenth volume, could not be stated with greater fairness to the cabinet of Vienna if they had been written by himself.

Thiers has to be looked upon from several points of view. He was an historian ; he takes a very conspicuous place amongst the great orators of the nineteenth century, and he was one of the foremost statesmen of his day.

Two years after Thiers came to Paris he resolved to write a history of the Revolution. In the year 1823 he published the first two volumes ; eight others followed at short intervals, and in 1827 the work was concluded. In order to judge the value of this history of the Revolution it is necessary to consider the circumstances under which it was written, the sources which the author consulted, and the method he followed. The period between 1823 and 1827 was a time of bitter struggle between those who looked back with eyes of regret to the France that existed before the Revolution and those who held with uncritical enthusiasm what were called the principles of 1789. Thiers had thrown himself with all the ardour of youth on the side of the Revolution. His profession of political faith is to be found in this

history of that movement. The work is a controversial defence of a creed and a weapon forged against the partisans of the old order of things, and even against the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. The sources consulted by Thiers were of two kinds. He read the few memoirs which had already appeared and he talked to all the survivors of the Revolution he came across. These were still numerous in 1823. The most important and illustrious among them was Talleyrand, and Thiers saw a great deal of him at that time. The method of Thiers was the narrative one; his object was to make his reader understand the Revolution, and with that view he describes with much animation the principal scenes in the drama. After the publication of the third volume of the first edition, the very titles he gives to portions of his work show that he attempted to present to the reader a series of tableaux. Almost the only connecting link between these, besides their chronological order, is the adhesion which the writer gives to every governmental system in France between May 5, 1789, and the 18th brumaire, year VIII. (Nov. 9, 1799). This adhesion is so complete that it has given considerable colour to the critics of Thiers who maintain that success was the only test of morality in politics he recognised. The last four volumes appeared in 1827. They tell the story of the end of the Convention and of the life of the Directory. The first five directors, Carnot, Barras, La Révellière-Le Peaux, Letourneur, and Rewbell are described with appreciation and judgment. In these volumes I think I can perceive the influence of Talleyrand, and administrative, financial, and military questions are dealt with in more detail and in firmer style than in the early portions of the history.

Seventy-five years have passed away since the appearance of this work. It is open to objections of many kinds. Its composition is faulty; the writer, carried away by his enthusiasm, did not patiently search for truth, and he neglected to bring to bear on the sources on which he relied the severe criticism that we expect from historians now. It is the work of an enthusiastic defender of the Revolution. But, in spite of this, it has the abiding interest of being the first history, properly so called, of the great Revolution. Many historians since it appeared have pointed out grave errors in this work. If we study minutely the estimate of some of the principal actors of the great drama, we shall find much to modify and correct. But, on the whole, it would be difficult to find an historian who brings home more vividly to our minds the men of the

time. We must remember that this history is the production of a young man under thirty years of age, who wrote nearly as rapidly as Sir Walter Scott, who was occupied with other work, renouncing, at the same time, no amusement—riding on horseback, practising pistol-shooting, spending hours in fencing, playing tennis regularly, taking care to be seen driving his cabriolet through the fashionable streets at conventional hours. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Lamartine.

One day Auguste Bernard invited Thiers to meet Lamartine at the dinner at Véry's, in the Palais Royal. Lamartine still kept his early Royalist faith. Thiers had just criticised the 'Harmonies' in the 'National.' The account which Lamartine wrote of this meeting would be much too long to quote, but he describes Thiers as a physically robust little man, with large spectacles, with a firm expression of mouth, a pleasing smile, open-handed; 'comme ceux qui, selon l'expression plébéienne, ont le cœur sur la main.' He describes how Thiers talked incessantly, taking very little notice of any answer, but speaking with a precision, a clearness, and a wealth of ideas which insured pardon for his monopoly of conversation. At first they tried to exclude politics, but this was found impossible. Thiers spoke of the restored Monarchy without hate, and, out of regard for Lamartine, he expressed his hopes with reserve. He discussed the position of Charles X. and of the Duke of Orleans, continually pointing to the Palace of the latter across the garden. Lamartine observed that when he was shaking the ancient throne he had already a Monarchy in reserve in the Palace associated in the minds of men with the Revolution. Just this showed the weakness of Thiers. Monsieur Ollivier has said of him that he understood everything except real 'grandeur.' He never, I am sure, to the day of his death realised the strength of the ancient Monarchy and its hold on some of the deepest feelings in human nature. Therefore he never understood the essential weakness of the Monarchy of July of which he was one of the founders. In 1830, the imaginations of men were fired by the remembrance of the great genius who had appeared in the early part of the century, and who had raised the position and the power of France to a height which was unknown even in the most brilliant time of Louis XIV. The heir of the Emperor was alive at Vienna. There were Frenchmen in thousands who would cheerfully have given their lives to place him on his father's throne. On the other hand, the Monarchy, whose history

was so interwoven with that of the nation, and which had been connected through long centuries with the sufferings as well as the glories of France, was an institution which had roots entwined in the hearts of millions of Frenchmen. The Monarchy of July neither called to recollection the memory of the great man nor had the consecration of centuries. As the Duke of Wellington continually said of it, it appealed to no deep feeling and was doomed to failure. Guizot always saw the real difficulty of the position. Thiers never realised it. In the description which Lamartine gives of him on the eve of 1830, we read these lines :

Ce qui me frappa surtout dans ce jeune homme, c'est le mépris de son propre parti.

This sums up much in the career of Thiers. Immediately after 1830 he quarrelled with his comrades who overthrew the Restoration. Immediately after 1848 he joined with the Legitimists who had been in opposition to him personally and to the Monarchy of July. After 1870 he joined with the Republicans, who had been his adversaries during the whole of his life; but the fact is that he always believed 'qu'un parti au pouvoir, c'est la foudre aux mains d'un enfant.'

The history of the Revolution in ten volumes was completed in the five years between 1823 and 1827. The first two volumes appeared in 1823, two in 1824, two in 1825, and the last four in 1827. The history of the Consulate and the Empire, in twenty volumes, took eighteen years to write. The first seven volumes were published under the Monarchy of July, and the narrative is brought down to the Peace of Tilsit. Volumes eight, nine, ten, eleven, were written between 1848 and 1851. All the remaining volumes appeared under the Second Empire. Between his history of the Revolution and his history of the Consulate and the Empire, there is all the difference between the work of a very young man and that of a person of large experience, of wide reading, and who had himself handled affairs of State. This work, although also open to much criticism, is beyond question one of the most remarkable and enduring historical works which appeared in the nineteenth century. I need not again allude to the fifteenth and sixteenth volumes, which both from a political and a scientific point of view may perhaps be considered the best, but the volume, the fourteenth, in which he tells the story of the campaign of Russia, and volume seventeen, in which he gives the description of the dying struggle of Napoleon in 1814, will always

attract the attention of students. It seems to me that there is no great progress to remark between the style of the earlier writing on the Revolution and that of the second work. The style of Thiers is not condensed, like that of Tacitus. It is much more a written conversation, very clear, full, easy, but not always commanding attention. One reads without fatigue, but, sometimes, without interest. The prose is not the '*mâle outil, bon aux fortes mains*,' but the light pencil in the hands of a skilful rather than a powerful artist, who throws a somewhat grey light over the subject; but, when all has been said against these volumes that can with any show of justice be urged, they remain a splendid monument of French literature. At the end of this great work Thiers wrote some pages which, although they were much praised when they appeared, would have been better omitted. They consist in a comparison between Napoleon and four great men—Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Charlemagne. These pages, I must fairly say, appear to me to be more worthy of a clever schoolboy than of a grave statesman and a man of letters. The portrait of Alexander is particularly unhappy, and, when one comes to consider the portrait of Napoleon himself, it is very inferior indeed to that which has been painted for us by Metternich in his Memoirs. As an historian, Thiers cannot be placed quite in the first rank. He does not belong to the company of Niebuhr, Augustin Thierry, Guizot, Ranke, Droysen, Mommsen, Gardiner, but he has nevertheless a great and abiding place in historical literature. He marshalled his facts with as much skill as Macaulay or Treitschke without, however, possessing the fascinating language of those splendid political pamphleteers. No man could tell his story better. In this art he takes rank with the greatest, and the definite judgment upon him has been, it seems to me, pronounced by M. Emile Ollivier :

L'art de raconter, au degré où il le possède, est plus que du talent, c'est du génie, et son nom restera entre ceux de Thucydide, de Tite-Live, de Tacite, de Guicciardini, inséparable de la notion même de l'histoire.

Thiers was over sixty when he finished the last lines of his history in 1862. His life had been exceptionally full; it seemed as if the time had come when, surrounded by the friends of his youth, many of whom were still alive, he was destined to enjoy, in ease and comfort, the evening of his life. The most distinguished men of France and the celebrities of Europe when visiting Paris

used to frequent his salon in the Place Saint-Georges in order to pay respect to the illustrious personage who received them with frank cordiality. The work of Thiers seemed done. And yet, strange to say, the years that were still to come were to be the most active, the most far-reaching in their consequences, and the most dramatic of his active life.

It is difficult exactly to assign a place to Thiers among the great orators of the nineteenth century. He cannot take rank with de Serre, whom Niebuhr thought one of the greatest orators of all time, as he certainly was the foremost figure among the European orators of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Neither can he be compared with Canning, or Berryer, or Guizot, or Lord Derby the Prime Minister, or Webster, or Bright. Still, he has a definite place among orators. His voice was shrill and unpleasant, not unlike that of Shiel, the great Irish rhetorician; his appearance was anything but imposing, and his gestures rather ungraceful; but, in spite of these deficiencies, after the first impression was over, few of his contemporaries were so well able to command attention and even occasionally fascinate an audience. The most remarkable of his speeches were made under the Second Empire; the last speech he made before the establishment of that Government was on November 17, 1851.

Twelve years afterwards, on the Christmas Eve of 1863, he addressed the Legislative Chamber of the Empire. When he returned to the parliamentary arena, it was not to offer to the Empire an irreconcilable opposition. In his public acts he was faithful to that position as long as Napoleon III. remained Sovereign of France. Space does not allow me to allude at length to the various speeches, some of them showing considerable foresight, all of them marked by great ability, which he delivered during the last seven years of the Second Empire. Indeed, it may be confidently said that the effect produced on France by these orations caused the whole country to turn to him after its conquest by Germany. In these speeches he dealt with many subjects. He spoke on the dangerous policy which found expression in the Mexican expedition. His attitude to the Italian movement towards Unity must be admitted to have been, however much people may differ from it, intelligible, and, from the point of view of French interests, perhaps fairly sound. But his greatest effort, and that in which he showed most clear perceptions of the danger menacing his country, was the speech which he

made on March 15, 1867. In that speech there was more elevation of view than in any other ever delivered by Monsieur Thiers. It was luminous in the extreme, it was marked also by a large toleration for those colleagues and friends of the orator who had allowed themselves to be carried away by the theory of nationalities. The speech contains the following striking passage, which many persons in high places in England at the present hour would do well to ponder over :

Voilà donc l'Europe que vous feriez, ça et là quelques lambeaux de peuples ; puis sur le continent trois grands Etats : la France comptant 40 millions de sujets ; l'Allemagne, 60 millions ; la Russie, 100 ou 120. Qu'est-ce donc que cette politique ? Voulez-vous que je la définisse en deux mots ? Pour l'Europe, c'est le chaos ; pour la France, c'est le troisième rang !

The career of Monsieur Thiers as a statesman is so well known that it hardly requires any lengthy notice, even if space permitted. There is very much that is open to criticism in his political life. He was partly responsible for the overthrow of the ancient Monarchy in 1830. This deprived his country of the chance of obtaining, with the aid of Russia, the frontier of the Rhine. His policy in 1840 very nearly led to a war in which France would have had to meet the combined forces of Europe. But his most serious fault as a statesman, apart from that general want of elevation to which I have before alluded, was the manner in which, up to 1866, he fostered the passionate desire of Frenchmen to overthrow the Settlement of 1815. Yet no power, not even Austria, had a greater interest in maintaining the Treaties of Vienna than had France. The Settlement of 1815 was overthrown on the field of Königgrätz. The result has been to France what we all see. When, in September 1870, the German hosts after the capitulation of Sedan were marching on Paris, Thiers, in his seventy-fourth year, undertook his famous journey round Europe to endeavour to obtain some assistance for his country. He was exceedingly depressed because he was without illusions or hope. He remained from the 12th to the 18th of September in London. He perceived plainly enough that the days when English statesmen took a comprehensive and informed view of international affairs had come to an end. At St. Petersburg he found the Russian Government committed to the support of the Cabinet of Berlin. At Vienna he was received with the greatest cordiality, but Austria was held in check by Russia, and at Florence Italian statesmen friendly to France could do nothing in view of the question of Rome, which city had been occupied by the

Italian troops since September 20. While at Vienna Thiers met Ranke. They were staying, I believe, at the same hotel. Thiers asked the illustrious historian with whom his countrymen—the French Empire having fallen—were then waging war. ‘With Louis XIV.,’ was the reply of Ranke. The Germans are very proud of that answer, and it is interesting and characteristic.

Thiers died suddenly at Saint-Germain, on September 3, 1877. He had got up quite early, as was his habit, and took a morning walk before breakfast. While at table he was seized with apoplexy and died at sunset. He was from the first moment of the attack totally unconscious, and no sign was made by him of any kind indicating that he wished to receive the Sacraments of the Church to which he nominally belonged, but in whose doctrines he distinctly disbelieved. The funeral took place in Paris with great pomp and ceremony, and all Frenchmen felt, even those who differed from him most, that one of the greatest of their countrymen had passed away.

The judgment of history on the career of Thiers was never doubtful. Credit must be given for the long patriotic service which he rendered his country, and for the warnings which he addressed to those to whose hands the destinies of France were confided during the few years between the overthrow of Austria at Königrätz and the capitulation of Sedan. It was undoubtedly through his influence that the Republican form of government was established in France. His action in this respect is still, I venture to think, open to question. Undoubtedly he played into the hands of Bismarck, whose object was, and who succeeded in attaining it, to establish in France what a Russian diplomatist happily described as a ‘*République dissolvante*.’ But, whatever reserves there may be in the judgment of the Tribunal of history as regards Thiers, as a politician and a statesman, there are none at all to signify in that of the Court of Letters. Nothing is more certain than that the two great historical works of Thiers, and especially the one in which he tells the story of Napoleon, will be read, studied, and admired as long as the French language lasts and men are interested in the life and times of one of the greatest geniuses who ever walked the earth. Moreover, for many and many a generation to come men will be attracted by the idiosyncratic language written and spoken by this Provençal, who was also a typical Frenchman of the nineteenth century.

DELHI.

1857-1903.

'Think of all the genius and bravery buried here!'—LORD LAWRENCE.

GOD painted here on a day gone by
 One of His flaming battle scenes
 (Look at these stones : they have echoed the cry
 Of death, red death to the Nazarenes).
 A morning white as the soul of a maid
 With starbeams fainting in sapphire mists :
 Never was Heaven so fair arrayed
 For the clash and shock of the reeling lists,
 And never the earth breathed rarer spell
 Than the day when the House of Timour fell.

There on the Ridge where the rain had poured,
 Where the sun had scorched and the wounded died,
 They clung to the hilt of their splintered sword
 And the last brave shred of their English pride :—
 Stormed and stung at their furious post,
 There in the open field they flew
 In the face of the numberless rebel host
 The Flag that tells what the English do,—
 Lean and stricken and dying each day,
 But keeping a mutinous world at bay.

So, held in the grip of Nicholson's hand,
 And fed from afar by Lawrence's brain,
 Long on the Ridge had that gaunt-eyed band
 Guarded their perilous Flag from stain,
 Held their own and harried their foes
 And shaken the old king's guilty halls
 Where the milk-white tow'rs of the city rose
 And the river swerved from the flaming walls,
 Long had they clung to the Ridge—to-night
 They set their teeth for the last fierce fight.

The lanterns shone on the priest who gave
 An old man's blessing, an old man's prayer :
 The starshine shivered from Jumna's wave,
 The heat came up on the clammy air :
 Jingle of steel, and a muffled word
 As the dark forms loomed thro' the misty
 light,
 Mustering there, with their spirits stirred
 By Nahum's curse,¹ for the desperate fight ;
 And over the host and its white-robed priest
 God's Hand of blessing rose in the East.

Thunder of cannon—a long fierce pause :
 Thunder of cannon—the city wakes :
 The crouching lion unlocks his claws,
 He bares his teeth,—and the morning breaks ;
 A rebel world in those guarded walls,
 And a thousand yards of death before,
 But Nicholson's hand is up,—he calls,
 And they rush from the Ridge with a roar,
 Men who are wasted and men who are worn,
 In the languorous hush of an Eastern morn.

From the Ridge they held to the City walls
 Spiriting flame and writhing in smoke,
 Thro' the gates that crashed like a tree when it
 falls,
 Into the stifling lanes they broke,—
 Roof and window, tower and dome
 Sputtered with fire and crackled with heat,
 Cannon mouthing their monstrous foam
 Thundered and rocked the dripping street :
 'Death to the Nazarenes !'—and high
 The great sun swam in the glowing sky.

¹ The chaplain of the forces records that in not a few of the tents the service for the day was read before the men went out into the darkness to join the columns. The lesson for the day, as it happened, was Nahum iii., and the opening verse runs, 'Woe to the bloody city ! It is full of lies and robbery. . . . Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

Ah, look at this lane whose ribands tell
 Of peace and loyalty, faith and love,—
 It was hung that day with the flames of hell,
 And devils raved on the roofs above :
 Ten yards wide !—and from arch and sill,
 From mosque and temple, buttress and wall,
 The bullets shrieking their murderous will
 Splashed at the column that would not fall
 And fronting the British, spent and maimed
 The blood-red bastion bellowed and flamed.

Hardly the tongue of man shall tell
 The valour spent in that reeking lane ;
 But enough, they say, that the city fell,
 The end is there, what matter the pain ?
 The end is there, and a few can speak
 Of the work they did that shimmering morn,
 Briton and Goorkha and constant Sikh,
 When the last Mogul from his lair was torn ;
 And to-day the maidens may dance and sing
 For the peace of their lord, the Emperor-King.

This is not a tale of the long ago,—
 And the princes come in their pomp and power,
 To bow at the throne, while the trumpets blow
 And the great Flag tugs at that golden tower.
 Friendship, honour, and peace this day,
 Music and banners for mosque and bridge,
 Laughter and dancing, and far away
 The smile of God on the crouching Ridge,
 As He smiled that morn when the races locked,
 And the walls of the city quivered and rocked.

Delhi for fête and Delhi for fight ;
 As you shout for your Emperor-King,
 Remember that dawn of a whispering night
 When they crouched on the Ridge for a spring,
 For never had India shone this day
 Like a jewel tossed on the silk she spins,

If the men on the Ridge had fallen away,
Or fought with the heart that never wins,—
Delhi was India that morn of strife,
And the Empire hung on the Ridge for life.

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The moon that rises from Ramazan
Brings sweetness into the melting skies;
Cold are the winds of Id that fan
The slumbering trees where Nicholson lies.
And far away, like a prophet's dream,
In the plain that swoons from the city gates
You can see the tremulous flash and gleam
Of the strong White King's rejoicing States,—
Is it a folly my thoughts suppose,
That the great God knew, and Nicholson knows?

HAROLD BEGBIE.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

VI. THE STAGE.

IN advising the readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE on the subject of the stage as a profession, to be perhaps adopted at some future date by their sons and daughters, I would first of all lay down two premisses. I assume, in the first instance, that I am addressing parents who are in a position to give their children as good an education and start in life as falls to the lot of those born in the lap of middle-class prosperity. And, secondly, I assume that I am offering advice, or giving information, only to those who intend to adopt the calling of the actor in the strict sense of the term; that is to say, seek for success in the path of the legitimate drama, as opposed to those other forms of dramatic art, such as opera, musical comedy, or burlesque, in which the art of the actor plays only a subsidiary part, and for which a different training and a different experience are required.

To find the stage included in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE among those professions likely to be adopted by the children or wards of respectable parents or guardians, is in itself a sign of the times, and marks a very great change in the status of the actor's calling. The shock that any child would have caused to those interested in his or her welfare, but a few years ago, by announcing an intention to become an actor or actress, has considerably diminished in its intensity. If the announcement would even to-day excite anxiety or disappointment, it would not, except among irreconcilable bigots, provoke despair and disinheritance. Such a changed state of affairs is, I do not hesitate to say, of unmixed benefit to the dramatic profession. The better educated, the better brought up, the recruits who enter its ranks, the better for the profession at large. If the art of acting has not immediately benefited by such a change—a supposition open to question but not to be discussed here—that is due to other causes, such as the want of practical training, the difficulty of obtaining proper experience. The fact that the ranks of the profession have ceased to be closed to men of birth and education by the prejudice of

fanatics, or the unfounded terrors of their dupes, marks a great step in advance and affords ground for justifiable congratulation. The less the stage is regarded as a something abnormal and extraordinary, the more its inner workings, its qualifications for success or failure, its advantages and disadvantages, its drawbacks and difficulties, even its much canvassed morality, are judged by ordinary standards applied to other professions, and looked at from a just and reasonable standpoint, free from ignorance and prejudice, by so much the more will it appear to be subject to the ordinary rules and principles that make for success or failure in the other callings open to men and women to-day.

But what the stage of to-day really stands in need of, and this is the first difficulty confronting a parent who is willing that his child shall become an actor, is some definite and recognised system for the education and training of English actors. Music and painting have their academies; the future Beethoven or Millais can learn the technique of his art in a properly conducted school, under the best masters. The future Garrick has no such opportunity. The sooner he has, the better for the stage. Whilst the doubtful blessings of a State theatre are the constant theme of academic discussion, the pressing need of a recognised Conservatoire, where the best actors, as in France—and they must be the *best*, if an academy is to be of any service—shall form the teaching staff, or, at any rate, exercise an active supervision and inspection, cries with a voice which is unfortunately not loud enough to reach the ears of the leaders of the dramatic profession; or, if it does, is stifled by those preoccupations and anxieties that overwhelm those who have to keep the public amused. But that such an academy, conducted on the highest lines, would be a boon to the earnest parent or guardian who seeks to further to the best of his abilities the wishes of those committed to his charge, can hardly be denied.

Failing this much needed Conservatoire, what is the parent or guardian to do? In the case of a young man, who, we will presume, has finished his school education and has made up his mind at an early age—and the earlier, the better—to become an actor, what steps to further his purpose should those responsible for his welfare take? I should without hesitation advise his parents, if they can afford it, to send him to the university. Both at Oxford and Cambridge, if a young man has anything of the actor in him, he will get excellent opportunities of showing it,

and, what is more important, of attracting the attention of those who can ultimately help him to a professional engagement. The performances of the O.U.D.S. and the dramatic clubs at Cambridge are always followed with interest by those concerned in theatrical affairs, and it is more than likely that a success made at either of the universities will reach the ears of the manager always on the look out for young talent. Unwillingly, very unwillingly at times, have these seats of learning been drawn into the service of the theatre. But now that the evil is accomplished, why should they not face it and offer facilities for acquiring the rudiments of a scientific training to the histrionically minded undergraduate, who would possibly give time, which he would otherwise most probably waste, to receiving instruction in an art which demands technical excellence in its exponents as peremptorily as any of its sisters? The fulfilment of such a hope is too remote for present discussion. In the meantime, let the undergraduate, or any young would-be actor, avail himself of any opportunities he can get of learning fencing, dancing, and elocution (but in this last respect he must exercise great care in the choice of a teacher, for elocution is a two-edged weapon); let him, in short, neglect no means of making his body graceful and supple, his speech clear and emphatic. And, above all, he must not let a passing success, with friendly audiences and incompetent surroundings, turn his head and make him think himself an accomplished actor. He will soon find, if he is intelligent, that an actor only ceases to be learning his art when he quits the stage for the grave, or, if he be very careful and fortunate, for the pleasures of a dignified retirement.

Apart from the opportunities which the two universities now afford to a young man, dramatically speaking, to 'feel his feet,' there is a further reason why it may be advisable for the future actor to spend some time at the university. An actor, by the very circumstances of his calling, which make his hours of work and recreation the exact antitheses to those of ordinary men, is cut off to a certain extent from social intercourse with his fellows. It is, therefore, just as well that, before he is fully launched in his profession, a profession in which in his early days he may have to rough it and come into contact with many sorts and conditions of men and women, he should avail himself, if possible, of the chances the universities give a young man of knowing the best men of his own generation, making friends, some

of whom he will keep all his life, getting into touch with many and varied interests, and going out into the world with the right to call himself a gentleman in the best sense of the term. The tendency of the theatre to relax the ordinary ties of civility among men and deference towards women, if it ever seriously prevailed, is waning rapidly—nay, has almost disappeared, now that the stage has ceased to be a discreditable and ostracised profession, and so the monopoly of those who had nothing to lose socially by adopting it. At the same time, from the fact that it is, like any other art, open to all men and women alike, independent of class distinction of any kind, a young man entering its ranks will lose nothing by having previously enjoyed the advantages of that peculiar training which, with all its shortcomings, is only to be found in our English universities. It is also important to remember that modern drama chooses its *dramatis personæ* almost entirely from among the upper classes of society, and that modern audiences expect and are now accustomed to see the manners of those classes faithfully portrayed on the stage. Therefore, refinement of manner, bearing, and diction is as much part of an actor's stock-in-trade as his face or his figure.

The would-be actor, having passed through his amateur stage, either through the medium of the university or that of the many amateur dramatic clubs which flourish in all parts of the United Kingdom and can number Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. George Alexander among the many professional actors who have issued from their ranks, naturally asks what will be his best means of acquiring that professional experience which no amount of amateur acting can supply. The answer will be, in all probability, 'Go into the provinces, play as many parts as you can, under no matter what conditions, and when you have done four or five years of that, you will perhaps be fit to try your luck in London.' This advice is excellent and would be useful as well, if the provinces furnished anything like sufficient opportunities for carrying out such a scheme of education. Unfortunately, at the present time they do nothing of the kind. Fifty years ago, when the large cities such as Manchester and Edinburgh had each their stock company, the members of which frequently played ten or twelve different parts a week, the school in which Sir Henry Irving and Sir Charles Wyndham 'learnt their business,' these stock companies offered a practical training to the young actor. It may have been a rough training, its merits may have been somewhat

exaggerated by indiscreet eulogists of anything that belongs to the past, but it was a great deal better than the nothing with which we have now to console ourselves as best we can. A serious fact, moreover, in the present condition of things is that not only are the stock companies to all intents and purposes extinct, but the *répertoire* companies—that is to say, the touring companies playing a number of different plays with a constant change of bill—are regrettably few. There are three provincial managers at this present time who continue to play first-class *répertoires*, and who have trained many actors and actresses of now established reputation: I allude to Mr. F. R. Benson, Mr. Edward Compton, and Mr. Ben Greet. If any young man can attract the attention of these gentlemen and find a place in their companies, let him unhesitatingly avail himself of the opportunity; or if he meet with any company of a similar kind—I only mention these three as being well known for the work they have done—let him get into it, if he can, no matter how humble may be the conditions or how light the remuneration. Touching the question of remuneration, the young actor starting with a small provincial engagement will be in a somewhat similar position to the young barrister; he will not be likely to earn a salary that will make him independent of paternal assistance, if such assistance be forthcoming. He will probably, in the kind of companies to which I have alluded, earn at the beginning something like thirty shillings a week, perhaps a little less, perhaps a little more. If his father be in a position to do so, he might well make up his son's salary to three, four, or five pounds a week, a sum that will enable him to live decently but without making his start in his profession too easy or the test of endurance too light.

It is of course possible that by means of interest, good fortune or merit, a young man may be taken straight into a London theatre, and begin his career by 'walking on' or playing small parts in the productions of some West End management. Under these circumstances, if he keep his eyes open, he may learn something by watching the proceedings of those more experienced than himself, and, as an understudy—at best an unsatisfactory position—he may graduate for better things. But his time would have been infinitely more profitably employed by facing an audience in large or small provincial centres, for there is no school for the actor like an audience: it is on the boards and in the presence of the public that he must, and can only, learn his

business; and if in the course of doing so he inflict some patiently endured suffering on the spectators of his early efforts, they will abundantly forgive him when he is able to minister ably and effectively to their lasting pleasure.

Having acquired, somehow or other, experience—for as the reader will perceive, the education of the actor to-day is essentially fortuitous in character—what is the prospect before the young actor during the next few years? He may remain some considerable time in the provinces before he gets the eagerly looked for opportunity of appearing in London. In that case he may ultimately come to earn a salary of as much as ten pounds a week; but there are not many salaries of that figure paid in the ordinary provincial companies; five to seven pounds would be considered a very good salary. In London, on the other hand, if a young man be successful—and the really young man who can also act with conviction and authority is so rare a product that his advent is invariably greeted with almost Messianic anticipations—a salary starting at five pounds may rapidly rise to ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds, and in the course of a few years to thirty, forty, or fifty. Of course such cases are not the rule, and the young actor who can steadily earn from ten to fifteen pounds a week in London may consider himself lucky. The profession is undoubtedly overstocked, not, in the opinion of those whose business it is to find casts for plays, with talent, but with many who rush into it because it looks so easy, because they are blinded by examples of rapid success which they have only imperfectly understood, and because causeless vanity and love of idleness are the principal demons that lure the thoughtless and unsuspecting across the threshold of the stage door. Such persons as these go to swell the press of incomers; in the general confusion and want of system in training or developing actors, by interest or intrigue, they may succeed in hindering for a time the advancement of the really capable. But there is always one consolation. The stage is a sure, if sometimes slow, leveller of reputations; the grain is gradually picked out from the chaff; often with the help of the public, who in their own mysterious way are by no means as incapable of detecting competence and incompetence as some of those who profess to represent their opinions would have us believe.

But, whatever the salary earned by an actor, be it large or small, whatever his reputation, be it great or little, the one element that enters most certainly into all his combinations, his

gains and his fortunes, is that of uncertainty. From year to year the average actor can never safely prophesy what his income is to be. Most engagements nowadays are made for the runs of pieces. But a piece may run for four or forty weeks. The actor may rehearse for four weeks, during which time he receives no salary, and play for two or three; such cases are by no means uncommon. He may then be 'out' for an indefinite period. The fact that he does not happen to be wanted is not due necessarily to incompetence; the ablest actor is liable at any moment to linger in enforced idleness from a variety of circumstances, over which he has no control. The conditions of what, for want of a better term, we may call the serious drama, are at the present time difficult in the extreme, both to those few who control theatres and the many who seek employment in them. The taste of the public would seem just now to incline markedly towards the lighter forms of dramatico-musical entertainment. No more eloquent commentary on the present state of affairs could be found than the fact that one of the leading producers of the musical comedies now so much in vogue recently proposed to raise the prices of his seats; and when a distinguished theatrical manager who had confined his energies and attention to the higher forms of dramatic art was asked his views with regard to his brother manager's proposal, he replied that his tendency would be, if anything, to lower his prices. I only allude to this for the purpose of showing that the difficulties and uncertainties attending the actor in his attempt to earn a livelihood in the legitimate drama—I use the word 'legitimate' for convenience and with no intention of slighting other forms of entertainment—are at the present time increased rather than diminished; that he is to a great extent at the mercy of public taste for his daily bread; and that it is only by a strict economy, foreign to the temperament of so many artists, that he can ever hope to gain for himself a permanent income. The great drawback to the actor's art is its want of independence, of 'self-sufficiency.' The writer, the painter, the musician, can pursue their art as long as they can provide themselves with the necessary implements; they need never be idle. The actor cannot act in a garret, it is little use reciting to bare walls; he cannot, in short, produce until he finds the necessary surroundings, the theatre, the play, fellow-actors. He is therefore the slave of certain indispensable and elaborate conditions, which must be fulfilled before he can

effectually exercise his art. And even when those conditions are completed, he is again dependent for bread, and to some extent for reputation, on the immediate decision of an ever unknowable public. Great as is the delight of acting—and it is a delight to most actors and actresses worthy of the name—greater, keener perhaps in its actual exercise than that furnished by any other form of art, it is dearly bought, and he who could go through its trials and difficulties with a light heart and an even temper, must be either a valorous Bohemian or a determined Stoic, or, if he be happily constituted, an admixture of the two.

If, however, the prospects of the English actor cannot at the present moment be set forth in a very hopeful or alluring light, he has one supreme consolation and resource, denied to any of his European brethren. He may, if he be competent, turn his back on an ungrateful country, and find both fame and fortune on the other side of the Atlantic. Of recent years America has brought balm to many a spirit wounded by want of opportunity or recognition among his own people. The conditions of the theatre in the United States are, in respect of popularity and profit, very much more satisfactory both to manager and actor than in this country. And happily for both peoples there prevails an unfettered and genial reciprocity in theatrical enterprises. Consequently, in dealing with the prospects of the English actor, it is necessary to inform him of his possible chances on the American stage, which can number among its 'stars' many who have commenced their careers on these shores.

If one might be permitted to lay down a few general rules for the guidance of the young actor, founded on personal experience, some of them would be as follows :—

1. Never refuse an engagement without the weightiest reason. The great thing for an actor is to be as much as possible before the public. And, however disappointing is sometimes the result, however modest the conditions, remember that good work, honestly done, is never wasted.

2. Do not make salary always the first consideration. It is better to act at a moderate salary than to be out of employment at an excessive one.

3. Do not let one success make you think that you have brought your time of learning and study to a triumphant conclusion. Such a conclusion is never reached while you are on the stage.

4. Be pleasant in the theatre to those around you, and straight in your dealings with them. As I have already pointed out, the actor's art is not a solitary one, and makes him therefore dependent to a certain extent on his relations with those he is called upon to work with. Therefore this counsel is both obvious and politic. And do not treat the women you meet in the theatre as though they had lost caste, and forfeited their ordinary rights to courtesy and consideration by becoming actresses.

5. Cultivate some kind of rational hobby. In these days of long runs, an actor, more particularly in London, has a great deal of time on his hands, which may as well be profitably as idly employed.

6. Do not mistake social for artistic success. Your smart and well-to-do friends will be just as reluctant as anybody else to pay money to see you in an unsuccessful play. If you make a hit in a successful one, not a few of them—such are the contradictions in human nature—will be among the first to ask you to give them seats for nothing.

7. Try to save money and justly appreciate unfavourable criticism. These will perhaps be the two rules most difficult to obey.

It will be asked, what are the prizes that the stage offers as a reward to those who are successful in the profession? There is one reward it bestows, that is independent altogether of those material considerations which have been the principal and perhaps not very exhilarating theme of these few pages; and that is the pure satisfaction that any artist feels in the right doing, in the mere successful accomplishment of his art. Whilst I would earnestly advise the young actor to avoid talking about his art with a big A, his 'art-work,' his 'art-life,' and such clap-trap, therodomontade of incompetence, I would with equal earnestness exhort him never to regard his art lightly or contemptuously, and to turn a deaf ear to the sneers and disparagement which he will hear from the lips of the disappointed and constitutionally depressed. In acting, as in any other pursuit, some measure of faith in the excellence of the undertaking is essential to success.

But the practical goal to which the efforts of the ambitious actor tend is to one day become his own manager, to join the ranks of the much criticised and sometimes heartily abused actor-managers, on whom the public at any rate look with gratitude and appreciation as the only persons in this country who have, up

to the present, done anything for the practical advancement and development of the drama. To enter the state of a manager means to the actor for the first time in his career full independence, the ability to realise such ideals as he may have formed, to do the kind of work that most appeals to him, to be in a position to control and govern, to have in the popular imagination the undivided attention of the limelight and the freehold of the centre of the stage; in short, to occupy one of those commanding situations in which a man's solid gifts and personal idiosyncrasies find a sufficiently ample field for their exercise. All that has been here written of the uncertainties of the actor's calling applies with equal force to the material fortunes of a manager. He may spend 5,000*l.*, more or less, on a production in which he has faith—and humanly speaking, no managerial judgment, whatever its age and experience, ever becomes infallible—and the public may decline to ratify his judgment and repay him his outlay. Theatrical management is bound to be to a certain extent a gamble, but a gamble under very unfavourable conditions for the individual who stakes heavily on the public's support of such baffling ventures as stage-plays; perhaps, indeed, the most unsatisfactory form of speculation as yet devised by man. Only rigid economy in the right direction can avert ultimate catastrophe, however glorious the triumphs in past achievement. At the same time, the great artist will often deliberately choose the great achievement with all its risks. And in our hearts he has all our respect and admiration. To the young actor one word of warning. He must not let early success tempt him to rush prematurely into management; the cares of such an enterprise have done damage to the art of many a well-versed actor; the present writer has heard more than one distinguished actor-manager mourn the time snatched from his study as an actor by the necessities of his managerial business. The young actor cannot afford to be counting his audience when his energies should be concentrated on the part he is playing.

And lastly, we come to that not least important factor in regard to the stage, its fitness as a career for women. A parent suffers far greater anxiety when his daughter declares for the theatre than when his son announces a like determination. For in the hearts of parent and guardian lurks the fear that the stage as a profession for women, apart from its material advantages or disadvantages, is morally dangerous. If this paper can

do anything to dissipate such misgiving, it will serve. In regard to the class of theatre, or theatrical company, with which this paper has dealt—and it would be impertinent in the present writer to give any opinion as to other classes of theatres, of the condition of which he has no practical knowledge or experience—I should say that they present no moral danger of any kind to any young girl entering them, and that if she misuses her independence, it is her own fault, or misfortune. Whatever peculiar temptation an actress may be exposed to is more likely to issue from that rebellious and unconventional temperament, by some called the ‘artistic,’ of which the world has seen so many instances in the lives of many of its great artists, rather than from the present condition of her actual surroundings. But we are not legislating for great artists: the ordinary well-brought up and well-educated young woman entering any of those provincial companies we have mentioned, or many others, or the London theatres devoted to legitimate drama, will find very little warrant indeed for forgetting or departing from the influence and traditions of a respectable home. In a recent issue of a popular magazine a number of our leading actresses have been asked their views as to their profession, as to its possibilities and propriety as a career for women, judging from their own experience. They are all, or most of them, actresses who have begun their artistic life humbly, on bare salaries, who have passed through all the initial trials, difficulties and disappointments of their calling. Not one word does any one of them say in regard to any moral danger to which the actress is at any time in her career exposed; there is not one of them who would not become an actress again, if she could live her life over again; and if those of them having daughters would dissuade them from adopting their mothers’ profession, it would be because of the physical and mental strain involved in practising it, and for no other reason. Such testimony as this is better worth listening to than the silly falsehoods that are swallowed by a gullible public, greedy to an inconceivable degree of gossip and chatter about the private lives of public favourites, or the exaggerated statements of the disappointed. There is nothing kindles such resentment in the human breast, be it that of author or actor, as rejection or failure in the theatre. Dr. Johnson never quite forgave the players the comparative failure of ‘Irene’; if Keats had not thought actors such ‘barren asses,’ they might have helped him to make a better play than

'Otho the Great.' For this reason there is a constant crop of detractors ready at all times, by written or spoken word, to avail themselves of any opportunity of traducing or scoffing at actors and their work. The inevitable trials and anxieties of the successful actor or actress are quite real enough, without adding to them the baseless fabrications of the unsuccessful. When a parent or guardian in the course of his enquiries hears the stage heartily abused or derided, let him bear these considerations in mind as useful touchstones for testing the accuracy or justice of such censures.

What I have written here as to an actor's training, prospects and emoluments applies equally to those of actresses. But there is one important difference in the respective chances of men and women on the stage. Women have, as a rule, a much greater natural facility for acting than men; consequently success will in all probability come to the young actress sooner than to the young actor. But for the very same reason the young actress, unless she enjoys in a very marked degree those qualities that make for lasting reputation as an artist, is more likely to be rapidly supplanted by the younger women who are constantly entering the profession and attracting the attention of those who know the value to the public of novelty in female charm and beauty. The competition is undoubtedly keener among the young women than the young men: youth and beauty in women meet with more instant recognition, because the woman can early in her career make the best of such gifts, whereas the less supple, less reposeful man takes longer to acquire that command of his resources, which will enable him to show himself to full advantage on the stage. Consequently, that a young woman may convert her speedier recognition into something more stable than that of mere physical charm, she must undergo just as hard work as falls to the lot of her brother artist—and perhaps a rather greater proportion of temporary disappointment.

To give definite advice to the young actor, to describe a definite or regular method of learning the technique of his art, is impossible, where all is indefinite and irregular, where systematic training cannot be said to exist, where mere useful practice is increasingly difficult to obtain. One can but indicate in a general way the best use that the young actor or actress can make of such means of instruction or gaining experience as present conditions afford; bearing in mind at the same time the

sage reflection of Diderot in laying down the rules of dramatic art. 'Especially remember that *there is no general principle*; I do not know,' he writes, 'a single one of those that I have indicated which a man of genius cannot infringe with success.' Whilst we do not mean for one moment to suggest that training and experience are not necessary, essential to the right development of an actor's genius, we would remind the readers of this paper that not only genius, but extraordinary talent in an actor or actress, will, owing to the extreme rarity of such a gift, often advance them at a rate that provokes the bewilderment or envy of those plodding by the way. Success in the theatre is to a great extent arbitrary and capricious, and will ever be so, for that peculiar co-ordination of the brain and the nervous system that goes to the making of the actor or actress is as mysterious and unaccountable in the conditions of its manifestation as genius or high excellence in any other art. Unfortunately, acting, in the absence of an obvious technique, looks much easier in its performance than any other art; and for this very reason many are deceived into thinking themselves fully endowed with the necessary gifts. When a parent finds his son or daughter possessed by the desire to act, believing in his or her peculiar capacity to do so, let him not seek to dissuade: that way almost inevitable failure lies. Let him rather invite the son or daughter to make trial of their capacities, taking care to find out as best he can the proper conditions—they must not be too easy—for making such a trial; let him warn them not against the art they have chosen to pursue, which is rare and beautiful, but rather against the difficulties, anxieties and uncertainties to which its practice is subject, difficulties that genius sometimes requires all its confidence to face, that daunt alike the successful and the unsuccessful, that make failure more complete and success less certain of material reward than in any other form of art; let him remind them that, irresistible in its fascination to the capable and the incapable, the calling of the actor is cruelly precarious in its exercise, and in this country wanting in those means of education and equipment that can make even the unskilful useful, efficient—in short, endurable. If the young man or woman be prepared to face these undoubted conditions, let them go on and prosper, and find in their art itself sufficient consolation for all afflictions.

In this paper it has not been the writer's intention, nor the purpose of these few pages, to consider the pleasures of artistic

achievement. They are, indeed, self-evident. If he has dwelt in a rather discouraging spirit on the pains and penalties which the actor is called on to endure in the exercise of his calling, it has been in the firm belief that no picture he can draw will be dark enough, no terrors he can hold out awful enough, to deter the resolute aspirant. He can only hope to have indicated to those called upon to further or sustain the determination of such an aspirant, the methods by which they may, if they have the means and the will, educate, counsel and protect those committed to their charge.

SOUTH AFRICA ONCE AND AGAIN

IN the course of the last three years it has been my fortune twice to visit South Africa, in war time and in peace—first in the early part of 1900, and again under very different conditions in the autumn of 1902. On the occasion of my second visit I took a camera with me, and my friends have been kind enough to take some interest in the results of my ‘shooting.’ It has occurred to me now that they and possibly others might be interested to have put before them a selection from my mental impressions also, which, being for the most part as fortuitous and disjointed as the products of my kodak, might be called ‘snapshots in South Africa.’

On the second occasion I landed at the Cape, went north, through Kimberley and the Orange River Colony, to the Transvaal, and returned home through Natal. These notes are therefore arranged in the order of my journey.

The general aspect of Capetown needs no description : here at home it meets the eye on every hoarding in every variety of colour, and its lurid presentment adorns many a tin and package of groceries. Accordingly the man in the street is perfectly familiar with Capetown by sight, the wall of rock and the flat town at its foot. Not that it is really flat, but it appears so by contrast to the overhanging mountain, and like many other things in South Africa it is well not to trust appearances. South Africa in general has no specially good reputation for truth, and in particular I make bold to accuse its capital of living a life of deceit, as it basks at the bottom of its semicircular sun-trap. There can be no doubt that Capetown to the uninitiated eye suggests nothing but quiet and repose, for which I hold the mountain chiefly responsible. The great square solid rock towering above, background of every view, closing the end of every street, has the aspect of a strong guard protecting the nestling town, an ever-present guarantor of peace in its changeless might. And the ways of the town only deepen the impression. For seeing that Capetown is the capital and port of a vast country, the terminus of railways whose measure runs into thousands of miles, there is very little bustle in its streets, very

little outward sign of activity anywhere ; it is to all appearances a lazy, easy-going sort of town.

That is where the deception arises. Those who write history can tell us whether Capetown has ever been really at rest since it first became a town. I have my doubts about it, and if any part of South Africa can at the present be said to be in a state of repose it is certainly not its capital.

My first impression of the Cape was formed in the early days of 1900, when the black shadows of defeat still hung over everything. Almost at once after I landed came the news of Spion Kop, with the casualty list at its heels, and it seemed as if the worst might yet be to come. The town showed more life then ; the bay was filled with line after line of transports, and the docks and railway could barely grapple with the work of sending up supplies to the troops on the Karroo ; in the streets khaki everywhere, every other man a soldier. And yet, except in the case of distracted, overworked staff-officers at docks and station, everyone wore a studied air of calm and contentment, as if no one had ever heard of war or rebellion.

Calm and contented !—when it would have been a bold man to swear that his own brother was not secretly at war with him, either aiding ‘those accursed English’ or abetting a promising insurrection, as the case might be. It is a deceitful town.

The black shadows have been cleared away now, but will anyone who knows the country say that there is peace ? True, there is very little khaki to be seen now. Except for the garrison, troops are only passing through on their way home, and docks and railway station have recovered from their fever. The huge standing camps have gone, the military hospitals have shrunk to nothing, the war and rebellion are over. It is all quite placid.

But if the visitor wishes to peer below the surface let him first buy a newspaper—any one will do—and if what he reads therein causes him no uneasiness, let him obtain a pass and go into the House of Assembly. There, too, everything is quite peaceful—on the surface. Calm gentlemen—with possibly just a suspicion of foam about the mouth—rise to address the House, and wave the olive branch in some such words as these, ‘We must and will have pacification in this colony ; let us all live together in peace. . . . Where is the man who helped my enemies ? Let me but get at his throat !’ And if he wishes for further reassurance let him stay to listen to scantily veiled threats of boycott and

intimidation, and think for himself what talk like this in Parliament is likely to mean in the remote country.

That is the peacefulness of Capetown—rouge and powder hardly concealing an ugly disease. It is refreshing to escape up country to the realities of the veldt and memories of open war.

Travelling now (September) is very different from travelling in 1900. There is no need now for great generals to leave for the front by the back door of the town, or for the Johannesburg express to camp out every night for more than a week; for the Commander-in-Chief is safe in Pretoria, and General De Wet is busy sitting to fashionable painters in England. Coal trucks also have ceased to be considered luxurious, and even military passes have become a memory.

The traveller does well to leave Capetown by a morning train, otherwise he loses some of the finest scenery of the whole journey—the pass down which the Hex River finds its way through the Blue Mountains. Splendid peaks they are, even in September still covered with snow. The next morning finds us on the first plateau of the interior, familiar to everyone as the Karroo.

The Karroo itself does not change in two years: the strange fascination of the view, the scent which is better than that of a Scotch moor, are still the same, but for the traveller by rail there is now a new setting, a frame of blockhouse and barbed wire. Every few hundred yards there appears a little round house with a tin roof, all along the line trenches and barbed wire, the latter in fences, in single lines, in fancy tangles, in bales, barbed wire by the mile and the ton. The effect is incongruous; the Karroo may know the blockhouse by sight, but they are not friends, and barbed wire is an insult to any landscape. Two years ago there was not a blockhouse in the country; now their work is done and they stand deserted. Further up country, in the new colonies, the blockhouses and wire have been sold to the farmers and demolished; perhaps in the Cape the farmer wants to drive too hard a bargain with the military, anyway they still stand.

There are no guards to the bridges now, and the great bridge at 'Orange River' looks quite desolate without the little camp at each end and the guns on the heights above. The huge store depots and base camps at Beaufort West, De Aar, Orange River, are barely recognisable, bereft as they are of their piled-up stores of forage and supplies covering acres of ground, and the camps themselves can only be traced by the white stones which marked

out their boundaries. The yeomanry hospital at Deelfontein is still in its place, and still looks as perfect a hospital as ever; but elsewhere the site of a hospital can only be guessed by the little enclosure of white grave-crosses on the veldt outside the camp-lines.

Once across Orange River Bridge we come upon well-known ground, Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, famous both as battle-fields, and with Graspan, Honeynest Kloof, Kloofontein, as the starting points of Lord Roberts' great march, the turning point of the war. And now except at Modder River there is nothing at each place but a hut and a siding, very different from the scene towards the end of February 1900, when camp succeeded camp along the line, at each siding tents by the hundred. But all was pretence and delusion, for the tents were deserted and their late occupants lying out in the wet, forty miles away across the veldt, round Cronje at Paardeberg.

At Modder River Station alone there is still a camp, the spot having regained its reputation for healthiness, and excursions are beginning to run down from Kimberley as before the war; but it must be long before this South African Maidenhead looks pretty again; years of military occupation are bad for trees.

Modder is the station for Magersfontein, and the cheap tourist of the future will there mount his 'char-à-bancs to Magersfontein, one shilling there and back.' It is difficult to vulgarise a mountain or a cathedral. I fear that the South African battle-fields will not escape so easily. Magersfontein is only a few miles distant from the station, and being so accessible has been denuded of those relics of battle which might have helped the visitor to realise the scene on that December morning, when poor Wauchope led his men to destruction. The trenches are, it is true, still there; but they are now mostly very shallow, and the whole place has a swept and garnished look about it which does not assist the imagination. On the top of the kopje, however, there is a good example of the power of lyddite. Just in front of a Boer gun emplacement there is a boulder split from top to bottom into wedge-shaped fragments, and still green from the fumes of the shell—probably one from Methuen's naval guns.

If anyone still holds strong views about what ought or ought not to have been done at the battle, he may with advantage refrain from expressing them till he has climbed up to and stood on the east end of the main kopje. He will then not fail to realise at least the strength of the position, and the difficulty of

attacking it without a very large force or very great risk. But a difficulty arises here as on other battlefields of knowing what trenches were made before the fight and what afterwards, in the long period during which the two forces lay facing each other without action.

From Modder River to Kimberley is but a very short run. Kimberley does not show many traces of the siege, though it is still very pleased with itself on the score of its defence, and rightly so. The loss of Cecil Rhodes must of necessity be felt more directly and personally in Kimberley than anywhere else in South Africa, but the De Beers Company, apart from whom Kimberley has no existence, are not likely to depart from his traditions, and are carrying on the work he left unfinished. A siege monument of a very beautiful pink stone is being built at the top of the town, and road making and tree planting on the lines inaugurated by their late chief are going on apace. After its feverish and dissipated youth Kimberley has now reached a dignified and sober maturity. The keynotes of the place are prosperity and orderly progress.

If there are few signs of war in Kimberley, thirty miles across the veldt into the Orange River Colony brings us to a place which is still obvious battlefield and nothing else. Paardeberg is comparatively remote, and up till the very end of the war no place for picnics, for which reasons the traces of battle are so fresh that its fame might have been a matter of weeks instead of years. There are the trenches, the shelter holes in the river bank (still eight or nine feet deep); there on the level ground above is the burnt wreckage of Cronje's waggons—showing clearly the lines of the laager. The place is even now littered with all the nondescript *débris* of a hurriedly deserted camp—cooking pots, tin cans, clothing, boots, bandoliers, plates, knives, and cups, even such things as a tin bath and a coal scuttle—and if more were needed to complete the scene the ground is covered with other more grim 'properties'—cartridges and cases, shrapnel bullets and splintered shells. It is still easy to see where a big shell has burst by the hole in the ground and the fragments lying round. There has been no sweeping or garnishing here as on other battle grounds; the vultures and the weather have done the cleaning up between them, and it is owing to their efforts that it is now possible to approach the laager without disgust. If, however, any-one is an enthusiast for realism he may (*experto crede*) stir up the

mud in the river bed, and he can still get some idea of what the sanitation was like in the times when Cronje was tenant of this 'eligible river residence.' At the time of my late visit the river was almost dry, a great contrast to the turbid flood which assisted Cronje in making up his mind to quit the premises. At the time of the surrender there was great exaggeration as to the height of the river banks in the neighbourhood of the laager: they are probably nowhere more than twenty feet high. Paardeberg should be visited even at the cost of a journey of sixty miles, for it still tells of real war in its deadliest forms. I doubt if it will do so much longer.

Bloemfontein in 1902 is not at all the Bloemfontein of my first visit. In March 1900 the town was swallowed up in the camp; soldiers everywhere, and nothing to be bought in the shops, the Presidency turned into the military headquarters, with tents and orderlies' horses in its front garden, the Parliament House a hospital flying the Red Cross in place of the Free State flag. And then a few weeks later, when the army had gone, the town and camp had become one vast hospital, where patients were reckoned by thousands, and funerals were better not reckoned at all. Now Bloemfontein has returned to its former slumbers, a quiet country town honoured by the presence of a Lieutenant-Governor and a Bishop. The Raadzaal has undergone yet another change: having harboured legislators and sick Tommies in turn, it has settled down to the more prosaic business of a Law Court. President Steyn's palace remains as a memorial to his ambitions. Lack of time no doubt prevented him from erecting his statue: whatever the destiny of the country, it is unlikely that others will supply the omission.

Everyone who has not been there knows all about the Rand, so that to talk about it here would be a mere insult to the reader. Pretoria is a great contrast to Johannesburg; Pretoria is quiet and pretty, Johannesburg certainly is neither. The former is all trees and roses, and will some day be a wonderfully beautiful place. It is also full of reminiscences of ex-President Kruger; and now that the old man is harmless for ever, stories about his odd personality can only be amusing. The sad and depressing thing about Johannesburg is that all the inhabitants appear to be so poor. But then Johannesburgers were skilled in the art of leg-pulling, even before Mr. Punch discovered the fact.

There is a district of Natal called by the Boers 'Weenen' (weeping) in memory of a massacre at the hands of natives. The

name might equally well be applied by us Britons to the country north of Estcourt. For what must be the feelings of an Englishman traversing a line of country which begins with Majuba, and passing Dundee and Ladysmith ends with Colenso? A good country for our young officers to visit at the outset of their career, if they will only take its lessons to heart. The tale requires no adornment; the moral is pointed by a gravestone at every turn.

Ladysmith is perhaps the brightest spot in the record. There at any rate there is no need to feel ashamed, for we may forget Nicholson's Nek in the glories of Wagon Hill and Surprise Hill; and melancholy as is the tale of disease and death during the siege, it only increases admiration for the steadfastness of the defenders.

Standing on the Convent Hill one overlooks the whole town. It is little more than a village: one long street, a railway station, a town hall, a sprinkling of villas well set with trees and shrubs—a quiet pretty little place. The spectator has a feeling of bewilderment in wondering why anyone can have wanted to besiege such a place—why on earth they should have made such a fuss about it. Well, Ladysmith served its turn to good purpose, and we respect the little town accordingly.

There is much to visit round Ladysmith: Wagon Hill, scene of toughest of fights; Nicholson's Nek, of evil memory; Surprise Hill, night sortie most brilliant in its successful daring; and many more. But to fill up the picture of the siege, as the train leaves the town towards the Tugela, note where in the midst of a level meadow there stands an enclosure containing many hundred graves and realise its testimony to the stubborn will of the besieged, for this is where the hospital camp of Intombi once stood. Between Ladysmith and Chieveley there are many more graves down the line, beautifully kept, as are all the graves in Natal; even where the difficulties must have been great, as at Spion Kop, there is nothing wanting—all is well ordered and in the best of taste.

Spion Kop must always be such sacred ground that one hears with something of a shock of the building of a hotel and making of a road to the top. It seems a pity that so historic a place cannot remain as nearly as possible as it was, even if the number of visitors should be slightly diminished. The distance from Ladysmith is only eighteen miles, and it is easy to ride or walk up the hill on that side. However, in Natal people make the most

of their resources, and even the battlefields must be worked to the best advantage.

Apart from the military questions and all the sorry wrangling associated with it, discussion of which would be outside the scope of these jottings, there is not much to be said about Spion Kop, but there is much to be felt. The long white trench-graves on the summit move one more, perhaps, than any others in South Africa. The men lie buried where they fell, in the very trenches in which they fought and died, within sight of the goal they fought to win and did not live to know that they had lost. And you will hardly find in the world a grander sleeping place of the dead: the summit of a great hill, where in every direction the eye loses itself in distance, a view of mountain and river not to be surpassed. And that nothing may be wanting the turf among the graves is covered with wild flowers—blue babianas and golden everlasting. It is good to lie buried there.

Spion Kop is a place of sadness; of Colenso it is possibly better not to speak at all, for sadness there gives place to shame and anger. It is terrible to stand where the guns were lost and to think what happened there. There is little to distract the mind at Colenso; it is all hard fact: an entrenched kopje, a river, a slightly sloping plain, and twelve little stone posts to mark where twelve guns once stood. It is not a beautiful place, it only speaks of disgrace and humiliation. Take Upper Natal as you will, Englishman; Colenso is at one end, Majuba at the other: take your choice.

Colenso left behind, Southern Natal is a cheerful contrast. From Nottingham Road to the sea Natal is really a garden, but it is no land of lotus-eaters; everything is full of progress and British energy; Natal is wide awake, and her lethargic neighbours will have to change their Dutch methods if they intend to catch up the start she has already gained. She has done well enough out of the war, but who will complain? In a colony, not far distant, during the war men have made fortunes out of us with one hand while stirring up rebellion with the other. Natal was always on the British side of the fence, and she now has her reward. While the Parliament at the Cape is wrangling as to whether rebels should be compensated or not, Natal is holding a general election on the question how best and quickest to double her line of rail and snatch the growing traffic of the Transvaal. Floreat!

OSWALD CAUSTON.

A FRENCH ADVENTURER IN IRELAND IN 1798.

BY SIR WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES.

FRANCE had done so much to foment the unhappy Irish Rebellion of 1798 that when troubles broke out she was morally bound to offer the Nationalists some sort of active help. She therefore prepared two expeditions, one at Brest, and one at Rochefort, which were designed for the reinforcement of the insurgents. These were to have sailed independently yet simultaneously; but, owing to lack of ready money and to general mismanagement, the Rochefort squadron departed about six weeks before the other squadron could be prepared for sea.

Its plan of operations was one of the maddest that was ever entered upon by sane and responsible leaders. The centre of Irish unrest was in Leinster, or, in other words, in the south-east of the island; but the expedition was directed to the northern coasts of Connaught, the western province. It might have been useful, even at a spot so far distant from the scene of the principal fighting, had it been powerful enough to create a serious diversion, and had it been properly supported; but seeing that it included only about 1,150 troops and four field-guns, and that this small body of soldiers, after having been flung ashore in a strange and poverty-stricken country, was promptly deserted by its ships, the undertaking was doomed to failure from the outset; nor did the behaviour of its Irish friends do much towards delaying the inevitable catastrophe.

The Rochefort expedition consisted of four ships, under the command of Commodore Daniel Savary, and soldiers under General Humbert, with Generals Fontaine and Sarrazin as his immediate subordinates. It sailed from Aix Roads on August 6, 1798, and on the 22nd of the same month anchored in Killala Bay, between Mayo and Sligo, where it disembarked the troops.

Monsieur Moreau de Jonnès, who had but recently recovered from the illness which followed his adventures at the Nore,¹ was attached to the Commodore's ship, the forty-gun frigate *Concorde*, in the capacity of second gunner. Unlike the majority of his

¹ See *The Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1902.

naval comrades, he was put ashore with the army on Irish soil, where he not only shared the fortunes and misfortunes of the invaders, but also had such exciting experiences of his own that it would be unkind not to recount them.

The troops, according to de Jonnès, were not of the best quality, and the vessels, all of which were small, were so excessively crowded that, had they been attacked while on the voyage, it would have been impossible properly to fight the guns. The hold was crammed with provisions; the orlop deck was blocked with cases of muskets and ammunition; and most of the people on board, five or six hundred in number, were confined day and night to the main deck, with little light, less air, no room in which to move about, and nothing to do. There seem to have been no sanitary arrangements worthy of the name, and sea-sickness attacked nearly everybody.

De Jonnès, a well-educated man, was not favourably impressed either by the men or by the officers of the expeditionary force, and determined to have as little as possible to do with them. Circumstances, however, induced him partially to modify his determination.

Each morning when he went on deck at daybreak he noticed an artillery officer sitting on a certain gun-carriage. He was a tall man of middle age, powerfully built, and stouter than soldiers usually are while still on active service. He had a most noble and intelligent bearing, and displayed remarkable patience when, as frequently happened, he was disturbed by the seamen in the course of their work. His perpetual companion was a little worn book, a copy of Horace. De Jonnès entered into conversation with him, and learnt that at the outbreak of the Revolution he had been one of the Fathers of the Oratoire, a religious body which once enjoyed as high a scientific reputation as ever attached to the famous Benedictines of Saint Maur. He had embraced the new order of things with enthusiasm, but, having been denounced for an attempt to save a family of *émigrés*, he had escaped imprisonment only by accepting a military commission which Daunou, the historian, had procured for him. His gunners were not with him in Savary's squadron, but were supposed to be in one of the ships which were preparing for sea at Brest. He hoped to pick them up somewhere in Ireland.

This captain's name was d'Herblay. His ecclesiastical training and his natural tendency to self-denial had prevented him

from resenting the usurpation of some less modest subordinate, who had ousted him from the berth originally assigned to him in the crowded ship; and when de Jonnès provided him with narrow quarters in the gunroom, and so relieved him from the necessity of sleeping on the upper deck, the old officer's heart was won. Thenceforward he and his benefactor became close friends.

The landing at Killala was effected without much difficulty, the place, according to de Jonnès, being held by three or four hundred men only. It is doubtful whether the defenders were even as numerous as that. Many of them were killed or taken, and so rapidly was the business managed that the bishop of the see had not time to get away, and was captured in his carriage. The enthusiasm of the invaders was extreme, and the rank and file began at once to talk about marching on Dublin. De Jonnès and d'Herblay were less sanguine. When all the available men were ashore, the equivalent of little more than a full battalion was ready to march inland, nor were any means of transport available. It had not been the habit of the Republic to provide its expeditionary forces with tents, hospitals, spare clothing, stores, or even pay-chest. The enemy's country was expected to supply everything. In this particular instance the improvidence of the French authorities had gone still further. Four field-pieces had been sent, but there were no ammunition waggons, no horses, and no gunners, d'Herblay's men, as has been explained, having been sent by mistake to Brest. But for this de Jonnès would have returned with Savary to Rochefort, and would have had but little to tell. D'Herblay begged him to remain and to assist him; but Savary had no desire to dispense with the services of his second gunner, and it was not until General Humbert intervened that de Jonnès was ordered to attach himself to the land forces. The General, who was a rough-spoken man, swore, with scant courtesy, that if the navy refused him what he deemed necessary, he would hold Savary and his captains responsible, and, in the event of failure, would impeach them before the Directory; whereupon d'Herblay obtained not only de Jonnès, but also a dozen seamen-gunners, and a vast number of promises which were never fulfilled. Indeed, on the excuse that bad weather was threatening, Savary put to sea almost immediately, and returned without adventure to the Gironde. He carried back with him about two hundred men whom he did not want to work his ships, and who, if he had landed them, would have constituted

a most valuable reinforcement. Thus Moreau de Jonnès found himself second in command of the artillery in what was called magnificently the Army of Ireland.

One of Humbert's maxims was that French soldiers could do anything. He therefore ordered the army to march on the morrow, and, as his temper was very stormy, no one ventured to represent to him that all the needful supplies were wanting. He would have shot anyone who dared to hint at such a thing. De Jonnès requisitioned the bishop's horses to help horse the guns, seized the Government post-carts to serve as caissons, and adapted the cathedral bell-ropes as traces; and so well did he manage, that on the following morning Humbert rewarded him with a smile of satisfaction. His most difficult task was the provision of a horse for d'Herblay, who was too stout to walk; but he succeeded in solving even that problem. The house in which he had his quarters possessed a fine cellar of wine. De Jonnès informed the steward, who had been left in charge, that the wine should not be touched if, at the hour fixed for the departure of the troops, Captain d'Herblay was suitably mounted. The result was the appearance of a capital charger.

The invaders marched southward, heading for Castlebar, where the British were understood to be in force. At Ballina, where the first halt was made, the French advanced guard, commanded by Sarrazin, put to flight a body of cavalry, and a number of Irish insurgents joined. De Jonnès declares that they were more ragged than any French beggars whom he had ever seen, and looked absolutely miserable. They had arms, but hardly anything else. Humbert gave them a civil welcome, but did not conceal his surprise and disappointment, and, it was clear, ceased from that moment to regard them as dependable auxiliaries.

The next attempt to dispute the advance was made on August 26, near Castlebar, where Generals Lake and Hutchinson had taken up a strong position with about 2,000 Irish Militia, a body of Yeomanry, some Fencibles, and several guns. The Militia broke and ran, the Yeomanry followed them, and although Lake did his best to rally his troops in the town, and posted some of his guns in the main street, the rout could not be checked, and guns as well as numerous prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. The prisoners were allowed to escape during the following night, as Humbert was unable either to guard or to feed them. The Irish insurgents distinguished themselves less in the battle

than in the consequent pursuit; and in the evening, when they returned, most of them had shoes, and some even shirts. That night Humbert declared the province of Connaught to be a department of the Irish Republic, and acknowledged John Moore as President. This gentleman occupied that dizzy eminence for about a fortnight.

After the action, which is known in Irish history as Castlebar Races, the invaders moved eastward by way of Swineford, Ballahy, Tobercurry, and Colooney, whence they swerved to the south-east across Leitrim. They were not seriously opposed, but they knew that troops were gathering against them from all quarters. Worse still, they were growing daily more hungry and more ragged. Their allies, far from bringing them supplies, took from them what they had. Ammunition was falling short; a general rising, which had been promised, was postponed on the pretence that sufficient French had not been landed; a pardon was offered by Government to repentant rebels, a few leaders only excepted; and there was too much reason to fear that the Brest expedition, if it had ever sailed, had been intercepted and dispersed by British cruisers. Signs of discouragement multiplied rapidly; there were numerous desertions; and the insurgents of Roscommon, whose chief was credited with special acumen, went off in a body only two days after they had joined. At length, after having crossed the Shannon at Ballintra with the intention of making for Longford, Humbert was surrounded by vastly superior forces under Cornwallis and Lake, and brought to action near the village of Ballinamuck. A very bloody action resulted, and the French, who behaved with great gallantry, were driven back. Not then realising that he could neither advance nor retire far, Humbert endeavoured to draw off, and, being hard pressed by the British cavalry, he directed an aide-de-camp to carry an order to a body of infantry to cover the retreat. This officer, a middle-aged man with his arm in a sling, hurried up to de Jonnès, and, conscious of the dangerous nature of his mission, begged him, as an extreme favour, to take charge of his young son, who was weak and ill. De Jonnès accepted, and the officer went off, only to be carried back a few minutes later, dead, with a ball through his brain. De Jonnès himself was warmly engaged for a time, and, upon returning with two guns which had been used against the British horse, he found the boy weeping bitterly over the body and almost fainting. As the attempted retreat continued, and no

time was to be lost, the youngster was put into a cart. A little later, when there was more leisure, d'Herblay and de Jonnès hastily examined the dead officer's papers, which appeared to tell the following story.

The officer was an *émigré* named Henri de la Tour, who had been authorised to return to France, and who had been restored to the rank which he had held before the Revolution. Just before the departure of the expedition he had had the misfortune to lose his wife, who had succumbed to a bilious fever, and, not knowing what else to do with his child, he had dressed him in uniform and taken him on board ship, where, in the prevailing confusion, the youngster's presence had apparently excited no remark. Indeed, as we know from the personal experience of de Jonnès, children of no more than fourteen fought in the armies of the Republic.

In the meantime negotiations were in progress for the surrender of the remnant of the Army of Ireland and of the wretched rebels who still adhered to its fallen fortunes. D'Herblay was not sorry to see an end of his troubles and discomforts; but de Jonnès swore that he would not give himself up, and that, rather than share the fate of the army, he would abandon it and endeavour to shift for himself. It was suggested that young de La Tour should remain with d'Herblay; but the boy would not consent to such an arrangement, insisting that he had been entrusted to the care of de Jonnès, and that with de Jonnès he would stay. The naval gunners also declined to surrender, and determined to stick to de Jonnès, who, early in the morning of the actual capitulation, succeeded in breaking away with his little party and in evading the British.

It was on September 8 that General Humbert was obliged to give himself up with 850 of his men, ninety-six officers, and two field-guns. De Jonnès had spiked the other two, which had then been thrown by the rebels into a mudhole, there to await a more favourable occasion. The expedition had been eighteen days on shore. During that period it had fought three skirmishes and one battle, had occupied two towns, and had taken a dozen guns and as many colours. De Jonnès ascribes its failure to the disunion and half-heartedness of the insurgents, and to the character of the French commander-in-chief, who was merely a brave soldier, and neither a military genius nor an assiduous student of his profession. For my own part, I think that the smallness of

the army, the lack of preparation and organisation, and the putting to sea of Savary, whose ships constituted the only base upon which Humbert could rely, would have rendered success impossible even had the general been a Frederick the Great or a Montécuccoli.

It is from this point that the adventure of de Jonnès becomes more particularly interesting. He had given his people a rendezvous on a chain of hillocks not far from the scene of the surrender. Of the dozen who had promised to follow him, several failed to find their way thither, the result being that he found himself in command of five only, one of them being young Henri de La Tour. The idea was to follow the course of the Shannon towards the sea until the navigable portion of the river should be reached, and then to seize some small vessel wherein to escape from Ireland. It was deemed most convenient to travel on the right bank, and to gain that bank the Shannon had to be re-crossed. At length the party discovered a ferry. A gunner proposed to take forcible possession of the boat, and to fling the ferryman into the water; and perhaps it would have been well for the fugitives had they followed that advice. Henri, however, who spoke pretty good English, induced the man to carry over the party, two by two, in return for some bread, the only payment they were able to offer him, yet one which they grudged greatly, supplies being very short. The scoundrel voluntarily expressed the most fervent wishes for the Frenchmen's safety; but no sooner had they quitted him than he treacherously sent a shepherd after them, with instructions secretly to note the place in which they should lie for the night, so that he might betray them to the Yeomanry who were scouring the country.

The fugitives found quarters in a deserted farmhouse which stood upon a slight eminence, and which, it was clear, had been temporarily occupied by shepherds or other wanderers, for there were pallets of heather on the floor. De Jonnès did not like the isolated position of the place, from which there was no way of retreat under cover, and he would have preferred to billet his men in the midst of a thick wood; but the people were attracted by the prospect of having a roof over them. A sentry, therefore, was posted outside; three gunners were bidden to make their beds just inside and across the doorway—there was no door—and de Jonnès and young de La Tour settled themselves to sleep near the back wall of the house. Before lying down de Jonnès

assured himself that in case of need he could force his way out between the top of the wall and the thatch which overhung it. He also remarked that the thatch was extremely thick, fresh layers having been put on several times without the inferior ones having been first removed.

Suddenly, in the midst of the night, Henri awoke his companion, whispering that he heard a strange noise. De Jonnès seized his musket, and would have sprung to his feet, had not a body of men without fired a volley through the doorway at that instant. The sentry had been surprised, probably while asleep. As for the three unfortunate fellows near the entrance, they were riddled with bullets; and de Jonnès and the boy would have perished similarly but that they happened not to be lying exactly in front of the doorway. While their enemies were reloading, the fugitives scrambled up in the darkness and hid themselves on the broad summit of the wall, where they were concealed by the mass of thatch. De Jonnès believed at first that they would be able to let themselves down on the outside, and so escape while the attacking party continued to fire into the house; but he quickly discovered that the place was surrounded by horsemen, a few only of whom had dismounted and appeared at the entrance. He and his companion, therefore, were obliged to lie close under the eaves, exposed to the risk of a chance bullet, and incapable of defending themselves. At length, however, the Yeomen ceased firing, supposing that they had exterminated everyone in the house. One of them, to make quite sure, lighted a handful of straw, and entering bent over and examined the bodies of the dead Frenchmen. Then, returning, he reported that all in the place had been killed. During this time de Jonnès and young Henri were in a fever of anxiety, for they had left their muskets lying among the heather on which they had slept, and they feared lest the man with the light would notice that there were more muskets than bodies, and would push his examination further. Happily he did not.

As the Yeomen were in the act of mounting again before riding off, a man who seemed to be in command of them summoned a person who up to that moment had remained in the background, and told him that as a reward for his zeal he might take whatever he could find in the pockets of the dead gunners, but that he was to carry the clothes and the arms to his uncle, the ferryman, who would take care of them until the party should

return from the expedition on which it was then engaged. Thus de Jonnès learnt that the whole horrible business was no accident, but a piece of deliberate treachery.

As soon as the troopers had gone the shepherd, with an improvised torch in his hand, entered to gather the harvest of his baseness. He stuck his torch into the earthen floor, and knelt down in order to turn out the pockets of his victims. While he was thus busily engaged de Jonnès dropped down suddenly upon him, and with his sabre put an end to the scoundrel. The two Frenchmen then picked up their muskets and haversacks and stole away silently. When presently they looked back, they saw that the house was in flames. Doubtless the shepherd's torch had set fire to the heather with which the floor was strewn.

The fugitives worked southward, and at length reached the borders of the province of Munster, where popular sympathy with the rebels was very general, and where they were able to obtain some slight assistance from the peasants, who, however, had little better than potatoes to offer them. One evening they had a singular encounter. They fell in with a man who had the bearing of a French seaman, and who, in fact, turned out to be a quartermaster belonging to the French line-of-battle ship *Hoche*.

This man related how the Brest expedition, which was designed to supplement and reinforce that from the Gironde, and which had consisted of ten ships under Commodore Bompert, with troops under Generals Ménage and Hardy, had sailed on September 16th, but had met with all kinds of misfortunes. After looking into Killala Bay, and finding no signs there of Savary's expedition, the *Hoche*, with other vessels, had been brought to action by a British squadron under Commodore Sir John Borlase Warren, and had been obliged to surrender. This happened on October 12. The quartermaster had escaped subsequently, and was working his way across Ireland to the south-west, hoping upon reaching the coast to be able to ship on board some American craft. Three only of Bompert's squadron, it may be added, ever returned to France.

That evening de Jonnès and Henri had caught a distant view of the sea; but realising that they could not reach it ere night-fall, they bivouacked in a thicket, and very early in the morning, before it was quite light, resumed their route. Rendered less careful than usual by the belief that his long wanderings were drawing to a close, de Jonnès in the obscurity took a false step,

slipped down a declivity, and, ere he knew what had happened to him, found himself up to his neck in a soft bog, which threatened to swallow him altogether. To make matters worse Henri fell in after him. De Jonnès lost his musket, but he retained his haversack, which he managed to take off and force down through the mud until it provided him with a precarious foothold, and enabled him to keep his mouth clear above the surface. He helped Henri to do the same with his haversack; but still there seemed little probability of effecting an escape, for not only were the unfortunate Frenchmen weighed down by their wet clothes and the filth which adhered to them, but also the edge of the bog in that particular place consisted of a nearly perpendicular wall of stones and earth rising five or six feet above the level, so that the total height to be scaled was eleven or twelve feet. The fact that young Henri had stuck to his musket, which he had been carrying slung across his back, proved the salvation of both. Taking the weapon, and fixing the bayonet to its muzzle, de Jonnès, with immense difficulty, thrust the point deep into the lower part of the declivity, and then, aiding Henri, who was a light weight, succeeded in hoisting him gradually out of the mire until, clinging to the weapon, the youngster drew himself clear, scrambled up, and got a footing on the musket. Thrusting in his sabre some feet higher, the boy managed to crawl to the top; and as soon as he had regained his breath he helped out his nearly exhausted companion; but directly he had done so he collapsed altogether and burst into tears. The fugitives had lost nearly everything, and were covered from head to foot with black, noisome slime, which rapidly hardened on their clothes. In addition, they were so weak and dispirited that for the moment they relinquished all hope of final escape, and would gladly have surrendered at once had a constable presented himself just then.

In time the situation began to appear somewhat less gloomy, and the pair struck away from the road across a large and well-tended shrubbery, beyond which they came in sight of a gothic mansion surrounded by lawns, terraces, and gardens, and having a fine outlook over the sea. Henri was for going boldly to the house and throwing themselves upon the mercy and charity of its inmates. De Jonnès, of a less trusting disposition, felt sure that the place belonged to some Tory nobleman or some dignitary of the Established Church of Ireland, who would show no favour

to a couple of republican Frenchmen who had been fighting against the Government and aiding the rebels. But the question was soon decided, for the fugitives had been seen from the mansion, and presently a manservant came out, bringing 'Lady French's' compliments, and an invitation to go up to the house. Henri had managed to get rid of most of the mud that had covered him, and had made himself comparatively presentable again; and de Jonnès seems to think that the boy's appearance had excited the attention and pity of some ladies who had been watching him from a balcony through their opera-glasses.

Now I do not know who this 'Lady French' can have been. The widow of Sir Charles Ffrench, of Castle Ffrench, in the county of Galway, had, a few months earlier, been advanced to the peerage of Ireland as Baroness Ffrench; but I cannot discover that any Lady French then existed. The family of French of French Park, in the county of Roscommon, now represented by Lord de Freyne, was not ennobled until 1839. Lady Ffrench, *née* Rose Dillon, was eldest daughter of Patrick Dillon, of Killeen; and it is possible that some young members of her family were in active sympathy with the Rebellion; but I am by no means sure that what de Jonnès describes as having taken place at 'Lady French's' house in the autumn of 1798 could have taken place at Castle Ffrench. That question, however, may be left to others.

After some hesitation the fugitives allowed themselves to be conducted to the mansion, where they were received most kindly, and where they explained who they were and what had befallen them as evidence that they were not the vagabonds they seemed to be. Henri produced the papers which had been found on his dead father, and which de Jonnès and d'Herblay had glanced at after the action. Moreover, a young man who was present, a nephew of Lady French, named Patrick,¹ who had his arm in a sling, recognised de Jonnès as having been at Ballinamuck. The young man himself had fought there on the side of the insurgents, and had been wounded. This introduction sufficed to put the strangers on a comfortable footing. Henri's papers, and the revelations which they contained, made that footing still more intimate. A gentleman, who had stood aside to read them, came forward with some civil comments concerning the distinguished family of de la Tour, and added carelessly: 'I suppose,

¹ The surname is not mentioned. Patrick is a favourite baptismal name among the Dillons, not among the Ffrenches or the Frenches.

sir, that the Mademoiselle Henriette de La Tour herein mentioned is your sister ?'

'No, sir ; it is myself,' said Henri, who, with much confusion, turned at once to de Jonnès, and frankly begged his pardon for having so long deceived him. 'My father,' continued the girl, 'made me promise not to reveal the secret so long as I could possibly conceal it. Besides, had you known the truth you would have tried to spare me the fatigues and dangers which we have undergone together, and I should have been so great an embarrassment to you that both of us, perhaps, would have been taken.' This romantic discovery appealed greatly to the sympathies of all present. For some time, however, the Frenchman, unable to credit it, was struck dumb.

The house was full of guests, and no difficulty was experienced in fitting out both de Jonnès and Miss de La Tour with clothes. In the dress of her sex Henriette was so beautiful a young woman that her friend marvelled that he had ever been able to mistake her for anything else ; and he excuses himself by remarking that the soldiers of that day had not begun to affect closely-cut clothes and small waists. Indeed, there was a saying to the effect that the military tailors measured not the men, but the sentry-boxes, for the uniforms which they provided. As soon, however, as he knew the truth he fell over head and heels in love with her. Nor can it be wondered at, seeing that she took the earliest private opportunity of assuring him ingenuously that nothing could make any difference to the regard which she had acquired for him, and that, since her father had delivered her into his charge, she considered herself to be for ever bound to him. In fact she offered to resume her male attire and to go away with him ; and when, that evening, at the piano she sang an Italian song, the burden of which was the delights of love in a cottage, the poor man had the greatest difficulty in the world to resist taking the impulsive girl at her word. Happily he kept his senses. He loved her ; but he could not bring himself to fetter the destinies of so brilliant and innocent a young creature with his, for he was then little better than an adventurer, and had neither property nor prospects. Nevertheless, his passion might still have got the upper hand had he not, a few days after his arrival, found a French privateer brig lying in a little bay on the coast. He boarded the vessel, and having been offered a berth by the skipper, decided, very wisely, to accept it at once, and so to

place Henriette beyond his reach. He therefore wrote a letter of grateful thanks to Lady French, and one of tender farewell to Miss de La Tour, and sailed with the next flood tide.

Twelve days later he landed at Morlaix, having assisted in making a couple of prizes on the voyage. He sold his interest for a thousand francs to a Jew, and made his way to Brest, where on the roll of his demi-brigade he found his name scratched out and the appended note: 'Dead during General Humbert's expedition to Ireland.' He was reinstated in his corps, but he never succeeded in obtaining his arrears of pay, for he was gravely informed by the authorities that the question of his death could not be reopened.

He tells us nothing of the subsequent history of Henriette de La Tour, for whose hand, however, more than one Irish suitor had proposed ere de Jonnès quitted the mouth of the Shannon. The gallant Captain Patrick does not seem to have been of the number; but who knows what happened afterwards?

ASTRONOMY OF THE UNSEEN

DURING the past few years the conviction has been forced upon astronomers that the most promising field of study in celestial science is that of invisible worlds. Masses of material have been revealed by photography which are beyond the visual reach of the largest telescopes; many bright stars have been found to possess acolytes ponderous enough to influence their movements, but without intrinsic luminosity; and the millions of meteoritic particles which enter the earth's atmosphere daily, producing the appearance of shooting stars or meteors, show that space should not be regarded as a void, but rather as a plenum of dead matter.

It is easy to understand that as the power of seeing is enlarged by the improvement of instruments or the development of methods of inquiry, new spheres are brought within the range of human knowledge. Before the telescope was used to aid the sight, less than six thousand stars had been seen by the eye of man; now it is possible to observe one hundred million sparkling points upon the heavens, from the brilliant gems that arrest attention on a fine night to the faint stars just perceptible with the best optical power. Our eyes have in truth been opened by the lenses of giant telescopes, and we have come to know that greatness is not to be measured by visibility. For not only are the stars revealed by telescopes vastly more numerous than those bright enough to be seen by the naked eye, but they also contribute more to the total quantity of starlight received by the earth than the brilliant objects which make a view of the midnight sky an impressive sight. When it is remembered that about ninety-five per cent. of the starlight that reaches this world of ours is from stars beyond the grasp of unaided vision, it is not difficult to understand that what the eye sees is only a limited view of the universe.

If you will consider the astronomical 'evidence of things unseen,' the real existence of an invisible universe will be accepted without hesitation. It is not a matter of assertion, but one of interpretation of results based upon scientific inquiries. Effects are measured and are referred to causes which account for

them in every detail, though the exact mechanism of the action may not be understood. The fall of a stone to the ground will serve to show how this can be the case. Aristotle gave attention to the subject of falling bodies, but he added nothing to the knowledge of it existing at his time, and he did not attempt to make the simple tests which would have disposed of his doctrine—held for twenty centuries after him—that heavy things fall faster than lighter ones. Galileo measured the rate of fall instead of making casual observations of it, and by dropping a one-pound shot and a hundred-pound shot from the leaning tower of Pisa proved that heavy bodies do not descend any quicker than light ones. But though the experiments led to the discovery of the laws obeyed by falling bodies, they did not describe the nature of the action.

It was left to Newton, who was born in the same year that Galileo died, to carry the observations a stage further by showing that objects fall to the ground because of the force of attraction between them and the earth. This is, of course, only a minor consequence of the law of gravitation, but the example is sufficient if it indicates how observation has preceded explanation. An effect was seen, observed, measured, and then found to be the result of a certain cause; but what of the cause itself? Of this nothing can, even now, be said. In spite of the many attempts which have been made to explain gravity—how and by what means the attractive force between bodies is exerted—it must be confessed that no solution yet put forward has been accepted as completely satisfactory.

A falling stone shows us that masses are attracted to one another merely by virtue of their substantial qualities. From such a familiar case of relationship between fact and inference it is easy to pass to larger effects of gravitational action. For those who have little faith in intangible evidence the discovery of the planet Neptune may be put in as a plea for confidence in conclusions based upon it. Astronomers found that Herschel's planet, Uranus, did not conform to the path prescribed for it, but behaved as if subjected to some misleading influence which disturbed its movements around the sun. The suggestion was therefore made that a body then unknown was responsible for the inconsistencies of Uranus, and calculations showed where it should be found. It is well known that Neptune was discovered in 1846 close to the position which mathematics based on the law of

gravitation had assigned to it. The discovery of this new planet thus afforded a striking instance of the ability of the law to respond to any demands which could be made upon it in the solar system.

The planet Neptune happened to be an object bright enough to be seen with telescopic aid, though it is quite invisible to the naked eye. If no telescope had existed when this new member of our system was discovered, the actual test of the validity of the mathematical results could not have been made—the processes of the intricate mathematical argument would have touched the planet and followed its movements, but, in the absence of ocular demonstration, the conclusion that a massive object existed beyond Uranus would have been regarded as an interesting statement which remained to be proved.

Another case in which the existence of an unknown mass was suspected before the body itself was seen is that of the Dog Star—Sirius. This star, the brightest in the heavens, is moving through space—as, indeed, all stars are—but its change of position is not uniformly in one direction. The difference is very slight, and requires good instrumental means to detect it; but it could not be disregarded when once it had been established, and an explanation had to be found for it. This was given by Bessel in 1844, who suggested that a dark body near Sirius was exerting an influence upon its movements. Referring to the matter in a letter to Sir John Herschel, he wrote ‘Light is no real property of mass. The existence of numberless visible stars can have nothing against the existence of numberless invisible stars’; and upon this idea he based the opinion that Sirius was a double star, consisting of an invisible body as well as the visible one, the two forming a couple united by the bonds of gravitation. At that time it seemed scarcely credible that there were stars which could not be seen as well as those emitting luminous radiations; but Bessel’s view has since received ample justification. Twenty years after he had given expression to his belief in unseen worlds, a faint star was discovered near Sirius, and it proved to be the body which causes the bright star to swerve from a rectilinear path.

Stars with bright companions were discovered by Sir William Herschel towards the end of the eighteenth century, and their majestic march around one another was recorded. Many of these twin suns are nearly equal in brightness, but in most cases the two stars are badly matched in regard to visual appearance, a

brilliant star often being joined by the force of mutual attraction to one several degrees fainter. In the star Sirius this difference is accentuated to a noteworthy degree, for while it is the brightest object in the stellar universe, its companion is so faint that it can only be seen by using telescopes of great light-grasping power.

There is really nothing strange in this disparity when the matter is logically considered. Why should we measure mass in the universe by what we are able to detect with our limited optical sense? To a blind man, or to an eye capable of seeing everything, the brilliant star Sirius would not seem to be overpoweringly great by the side of the dark heavy body to which it is united; and if mortals possessed a sense capable of being affected in proportion to substance, as the sense of sight is by luminosity, the dark sphere would have been noticed as soon as man turned his gaze towards the skies. For though the faint star now seen to accompany Sirius would need to have its brightness increased twelve thousand times to equal the brilliancy of that gem of the sky, it is nearly half as heavy when measured by the standard of mass.

There are other cases in which the companions of bright stars are very faint, but heavy out of all proportion to their brightness. As with Sirius, the astronomer Bessel expressed the conviction that Procyon, which rises about half an hour before it, had a dark companion disturbing its movements. Half a century later, in 1896, this companion was detected by Prof. Schaeberle, so we have here another instance of a body known to exist long before it was seen.

The difference between mass and luminosity accounts for the interval that elapsed between prediction and discovery in each of the cases mentioned. The companion of Procyon has a mass more than half as great as that of our sun, and is, therefore, capable of exerting appreciable gravitational influence upon a body near it. But while it is such a ponderous globe, its light is much less than that which the sun would give if placed in the same position among the stellar host. To represent the faintness of Procyon's satellite, the sun, after being taken away into space, would need to have its brightness reduced until it was only about a twenty-thousandth part of the present amount. It is therefore not surprising that the gravitational influence was detected before the faint glimmer of the rays from the star was seen and understood.

Three instances have now been mentioned in which invisible celestial bodies were found by indirect evidence before they were looked for with telescopic aid—we refer to the planet Neptune and the companions of Sirius and Procyon. Predictions fulfilled in this way should encourage confidence in conclusions based upon similar premisses. That is to say, if observations show that a celestial object is not moving through space in a straight line, they afford presumptive evidence of the existence of one or more bodies near it. The problem of discovering invisible stars thus resolves itself into one of studying stellar motions.

A comparison of the exact positions of stars year by year shows that every one has a motion of its own across the blue background of infinity. The amount of movement as seen from the earth is very minute, and can only be detected by accurate determinations of position; but it is none the less real, and has to be taken into account in precise astronomy. Catalogues of stars not only record positions—expressed by co-ordinates analogous to latitude and longitude on the earth—but also contain columns showing the rate and direction at which each star is changing its position. Every movement has a cause, and when deviations from a direct course are found it is certain that the star showing them is being disturbed by a massive body which may or may not be visible.

But what of stars which are moving straight towards the earth or away from it? such movements cannot produce any change of position upon the background upon which they are projected. This is true enough, but they can be detected by other effects. To an astronomer with a spectroscope, the light of a star is a gamut of colour crossed by dark or light rays comparable with musical notes. And just as the pitch of a note can be raised or lowered by rapid motion of the sounding body towards or away from the listener, so the positions of rays in the light scale are affected by similar movements of approach or recession. If the distance between the moving star and the earth is decreasing, the rays analysed by the spectroscope are increased in colour-pitch, and, if the distance is increasing, the rays are moved towards the lower end of the gamut of light; or, expressed in the terms of music, their notes are flat. So perfect a means does the spectroscope provide of measuring this movement backward or forward that the velocity of a star can be determined to an accuracy within a quarter of a mile a second, though the star

itself may be at an immeasurable distance from us. Here, then, we are provided with another means of studying stellar motions, and to it we owe the proof of the existence of many dark stars.

The first instance of the application of the spectroscope to the study of invisible globes in stellar space is that of the star Algol. More than a century ago it was suggested that the sudden fading of light, which this star shows at regular intervals of nearly three days, is due to a dark body coming between us and the bright star. Consider two heavy globes of approximately equal mass, one bright and the other dark, to form a twin system in space. At a point about midway between the two bodies an immaterial pivot would occur, around which revolution would take place. This represents roughly the condition of things existing between Algol and its companion. The two globes are always on opposite sides of the pivot, so that when the dark body is hastening towards us, to interpose itself between us and the bright star, Algol is being swayed back in the opposite direction. After the light has suffered the periodical eclipse, the dark globe is swinging back, and the bright one is rushing towards us.

About twelve years ago, Professor Vogel, of the Potsdam Observatory, proved by systematic studies of Algol's motion that the star does actually swing back and forth in a period coincident with that of its variations of light, in precisely the way it would behave if influenced by a massive body near it. The dark companion has never been seen, and probably never will be; yet there is not the slightest doubt of its existence among astronomers, nor can there be in any mind that has considered the testimony given by the spectroscope. About a dozen stars are known to fluctuate in light in the same manner as Algol, and each of them is regarded as having a dark satellite, which periodically comes between us and the luminous star.

The condition of things represented by Algol and other stars of the same type must, however, be exceptional. It happens that stars of this type have their light partially obliterated by the interposition of dark bodies between us and their luminous surfaces at regular intervals; but if these dead worlds passed a little above or below the line of sight from the earth to the bright star there would be no periodic eclipse, and therefore no visible indication which would lead us to suspect the existence of dark globes near the stars we see. Dark stars may revolve around bright ones in orbits inclined at any angle to the level in which the earth

travels around the sun, but only in those cases in which they are near this level when they pass between us and their luminous companions can any variation of light caused by them be noticed.

It might seem, therefore, that the dozen or so stars which are periodically dimmed by eclipse are the only objects which are known to possess dark partners; but this is not the case. If two globes—a bright one and a dark one—are really a united couple, each influences the movements of the other, no matter what the direction may be in which they revolve around their common balancing-point. The spectroscope shows that Algol is swung backward and forward by the invisible mass near it. By what may almost be termed a fortunate accident this dark body passes in front of the bright star every three days, and causes a sudden loss of light; but even if it did not come directly between us and the luminous surface the spectroscope would still detect a periodic increase and decrease of pitch of the light-rays. The spectroscopic evidence of the movements of stars towards the earth or away from it is, in fact, independent of variations of light. If upon analysing determinations of movements of approach or recession it is found that a star has its velocity increased and decreased in a definite period, we are justified in concluding that there is an invisible body in the neighbourhood swaying the bright one round an orbit by the controlling influence of gravitation.

A new field of study has thus been opened, and it promises to add very greatly to our knowledge of the universe. Measurements of the movements of stars towards or away from the earth have been made for a third of a century, but it is only in recent years that the method employed has been brought to sufficient perfection to enable the observations to be made to a high degree of accuracy. Now, however, that the rate of approach or recession can be determined within a few hundred yards a second, the exact analysis of the motions has assumed a completely new aspect. Hitherto it has been of little importance to know whether a star was increasing or decreasing its distance from the earth; but now, by examining the details of the movements, we find in many cases secondary impulses backward or forward, and they are unmistakable signs of bodies which have to be considered in addition to those of which we have ocular proof.

The star Spica is an example of a bright body which has a dark partner like that belonging to Algol, but does not undergo a

periodic loss of light by eclipse. Spectroscope observations show that the bright star alternately swings towards the earth and away from it in a period of four days, and the results can be completely explained by assuming that Spica has a companion that cannot be seen but is massive enough to make the visible star move in an orbit. This attendant may be a dark globe or a faint one so close to the star Spica that the most perfect telescope available is powerless to show the two bodies separately. But whether lucid or obscure, the evidence of the spectroscope has shown that a star which passed for a single body until a few years ago has really a partner which insists upon making its presence known.

The North Star—Polaris—also shows by its movements that it is under the influence of one or more bodies near it. In a period of about four days the star is found to swing back and forth, doubtless as the result of movement in an orbit. Moreover, there are indications that Polaris and its satellite are in revolution together around a third body, so that the system must be regarded as a triple one. The movements of the moon and earth with reference to the sun provide us with a similar case, though on a much smaller scale; for the moon revolves around our globe once a month, while the earth itself is traversing its path around the sun. It must not be supposed, however, that if we could view our system from the stars it would be possible to detect these relative movements of the moon and earth. True, the planets are dark globes revolving around the sun, but even the largest of them—Jupiter—is small in comparison with the sun; and if all were placed in one pan of a mighty balance, the sun at the other end of the beam would outweigh them seven hundred times. It would require much more massive bodies than the planets to affect the movements of the sun as seen from the stars. In fact, every star in the sky could possess a family of planets like that of which the earth is a minor member, without our being able to see any of these dark spheres with the aid of our most powerful telescopes or to detect with the spectroscope any movements due to their gravitational attraction. Seen from the nearest star, our sun would appear as a point of light having about the brightness of Polaris, and even if the planet Jupiter were a luminous body a telescope more than twenty feet in diameter would be required to see it separately from the sun.

The dark globes proved by the spectroscope to accompany some bright stars are therefore of quite a different order of

magnitude from the planets, and are comparable in point of mass with the stars themselves. The addition of such bodies to the material universe is thus of great significance. But the few cases of dark stars already mentioned only represent the firstfruits of the inquiry into the invisible worlds in space. As the result of the examination of the back-and-forth movements of more than three hundred stars, Professor Campbell finds that about one-sixth of them are at least twins, if not triplets. We have, therefore, the astonishing fact that one star in every six or so thus far investigated has near it a partner which can never be seen. New methods of inquiry may reveal many bodies beyond the power of the telescope to show to human eyes, but, even as the evidence stands at present, we are assured of the existence of a vast universe of invisible stars. The astronomy of the future will be concerned as much with the study of these dark masses as with those from which luminous radiations are received.

The spectroscope has demonstrated the reality of dark stars, but there are other means by which evidence of the existence of invisible matter in space has been obtained. Particles of cosmic material are continually entering the earth's atmosphere, and as they are consumed they flash across the sky as shooting stars or meteors. Occasionally these visitors from outer space resist complete destruction as they penetrate the air, and reach the surface of our globe as solid masses or meteorites, such as are preserved in the excellent national collection at South Kensington. When meteorites congregate into a swarm in our solar system, their frequent collisions produce sufficient heat to volatilise some of the constituents, and so give rise to the appearance of a comet. According to Sir Norman Lockyer, when such a collection of colliding particles exists in interstellar space instead of being in our own system, the faintly luminous vapour is seen as a patch of celestial mist, and recognised as a nebula. The evidence he has brought forward suggests that the light of every nebula is of meteoritic origin. The luminous haze seen or photographed may thus be but a visible manifestation of much friction among innumerable fragments of dark matter.

Photography has revealed many immense areas of nebulous material too faint to be seen with any telescope; in other words, it is possible, even when using the best instrument in the world, to photograph views which are of too spiritual a faintness for the eye to discern with the same optical power. We are therefore

naturally led to ask whether there is any limit to the extension of knowledge of invisible matter in the universe. New instruments and new methods bring new worlds to light, and it would seem that this triumphant progress must continue with the march of the human intellect. There are indications, however, that a rough inventory of the contents of the universe around us can be made with the methods of inquiry at present available.

Lord Kelvin has used mathematical considerations to make an estimate of the total mass of visible and invisible substance in space. Imagine that at one time our universe was filled with particles of matter at rest. Let this condition of perfect calm and peace be disturbed—one touch would be sufficient—and in the course of ages the globes which now roll through the dark blue depths would be moulded into form. The calculations made by Lord Kelvin show that if in the beginning the total quantity of matter had a mass equal to that of one thousand million suns, the movements eventually produced would be those actually observed at the present time. Or, to express the result in another way, the motions now known to exist can be accounted for by assuming that our universe once consisted of material equal to one thousand million suns distributed uniformly throughout its whole extent. As only one hundred million stars can be seen or photographed with even the most perfect instruments at the disposal of astronomers, the conclusion is reached that there is nine times as much invisible matter in space as there is of material capable of being brought within the range of our vision.

This result leads directly to other considerations. Both mathematical and observational astronomy declare that though our universe contains an immense number of bright and dark bodies, yet there is a limit to the quantity of material in it. Man is now able to count and weigh the stars, and he finds that the results have finite dimensions. But though philosophers may gather with the meshes of human knowledge all the material bodies in our universe, there are good reasons for believing that they can only cast their net in one abyss of a fathomless ocean. Space has been sounded over and over again, but no bottom has been reached. Here and there are stars which have had their distance determined, and the nearest is so far away that a messenger—a ray of light—travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second takes four years to come from it to us. Stars which are so near to the earth that their light takes not more than fifty years to

reach us can have their distances approximately determined, but beyond them are bodies so far removed from our part of space that the light we now receive left them hundreds of years ago.

Distances so immense are almost inconceivable to inhabitants of a globe a few thousand miles in diameter. Only by rising above our little system can its place in the universe be contemplated in true perspective. But even when the mind takes the whole of the bodies in the heavens within its grasp, it is met by infinity. It is conceivable that at some future epoch every star, lucid and obscure, will be accurately known, and every particle in the universe around us be measured and weighed. But when all this has been done the survey will still be incomplete. Space is infinite in extent; there will always be a beyond, however deep we may sound. All the millions of stars and dark masses, and the vast areas of dim nebulosity, observed or seen with the eye of scientific faith, constitute but an island universe, and there may be many other universes even greater than ours in other depths of infinite space.

Dr. Isaac Roberts, whose photographs of celestial scenery are of unique astronomical value, has, as the result of many years of patient labour, been led to conclude that photography has practically exhausted its efforts to extend our knowledge of the celestial regions around us. When a sensitive film is exposed to the sky in an astronomical telescope or camera, the number of stars or extent of nebulosity depicted by it increases as the duration of the action is lengthened. The longer the photographic eye faces the sky, the more faint stars and nebulous streams are impressed upon its retina. It would seem, therefore, that by increasing the sensitiveness of the film or lengthening the duration of exposure to celestial rays, astronomers might hope to add new regions to the empire already gained for knowledge. Apparently this is not the case. Dr. Roberts finds that there is a limit to the powers of photography applied to the heavens. Using the most sensitive photographic plates, this limit is reached by an exposure of from ten to twelve hours. Exposures of longer duration than this do not reveal new stars or nebulous realms. So far can the astronomer go with his camera, but no farther, and no new secrets are shown to him, however long he waits. Let Dr. Roberts himself state the conclusions at which he has arrived as the result of a lifetime spent in the photography of the heavens :

Here, then, is evidence founded upon photographs of objects at different altitudes and positions in the sky, all obtained under favourable conditions, with an instrument of considerable power and on films of a high degree of sensitiveness, which I think may be accepted as demonstrations of the accuracy of the surmises of astronomers in the past that the part of the starry universe visible from the earth is limited in extent, and that, notwithstanding the enormous assistance afforded by the photographic method, we are again brought to a check because of the inadequacy of the powers we possess to enable us to peer beyond that part of space in the midst of which we are placed, and though we know that it extends over countless millions of miles we seem to be no nearer than our predecessors were in describing a boundary.

In this remark it is almost possible to hear the sigh of an astronomer for more worlds to conquer, and a prayer for power to penetrate further into the mysteries of space. Thus does man aspire to divine heights; and, so long as the human mind can be projected into regions unknown, an endeavour will be made to reach them. There is inspiration in the thought that, however extensive our horizon may be, it is merely a boundary line between earth and heaven, and by rising to a higher level we can see beyond it. The limited view of the stellar universe, possible before Galileo, was extended by the discovery of the telescope, and now it is possible to see one hundred million stars. That represents the boundary, so far as visual observations are concerned; but the photographic plate has brought into view vast areas of nebulous matter which have never been seen. Here, also, the limit has been reached, and little hope is entertained of increasing it to any appreciable extent. But the spectroscope has again taken us to another point, and we are able to prove that space contains a large number of dark stars which can never be seen or photographed. Mathematical inquiry has extended this invisible universe still further, and given reason for believing that the mass of dark matter in our universe is much greater than that of all the light-giving bodies. Finally, when a position has been attained from which the whole of our universe can be surveyed, there is still the boundary over which we cannot look to see what exists in infinite space beyond. The human intellect may be brought to exalted planes, but so long as man is lower than the angels the realms outside the grasp of finite comprehension will remain unexplored. For

End there is none to the universe of God,
Lo, also, is there no beginning.

R. A. GREGORY.

A GREAT MERCHANT SEAMAN.

CAPTAIN SQUIRE THORNTON STRATFORD LECKY.

BY F. T. BULLEN.

SUCH is the lamentable ignorance among the majority of our people of matters connected with the Mercantile Marine, that it is exceedingly doubtful whether one out of ten readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE will recognise that the name at the head of this appreciation has any claim upon his attention. Were any good to be done thereby, it would be most easy to write a few pages of diatribe against this really criminal neglect of our greatest industry by landspeople; but, alas! we are a pachydermatous folk generally, and are all too apt to say of some strenuous piece of writing, some evidence of an aggrieved advocate unburdening his soul, that a discount of some 95 per cent. needs taking off his statements.

So I will refrain from railing, with a good deal of relief, for it is no pleasant occupation, and endeavour briefly to call attention to the being and doing of a really great man of action, albeit he was all his life but a member of the despised Merchant Service, or the still more despised, in naval circles, Royal Naval Reserve, shamefully nicknamed 'the hungry half-hundred.'

Now if I were writing a biography of my hero instead of just an appreciation of his work as a merchant seaman, it would of course be incumbent upon me to deal comprehensively with his early years, the character of his parents, the sources of his education, &c. But under the circumstances I can plunge at once to the beginning of his sea career as midshipman on board of one of Messrs. Green's grand old frigate-built ships, the *Alfred*, of 1,000 tons register, in the year 1851, when he was fourteen years old. Only half a century ago, but during that fifty-one years more advance has been made in nautical matters, as far as regards shipbuilding and engineering, than in the preceding five hundred. It was delightful to hear the complacency of his tones as he dwelt upon the grandeur of his first ship, mere cockboat as she was to the vessels he commanded later, but tall East Indiaman of those days. Hear him enumerate her crew. Sixty able seamen, every one a sailor in the true sense of the word and

scarce a foreigner among them ; eighteen ordinary seamen, young men who could hand, reef, and steer, but were not yet up to all the complexities of sailing demanded in that stern day from sailors ranking as 'A. B.'; four boys, six mates, and twelve midshipmen, officers in embryo, as they are in the Navy, and paying heavily for the great privilege of receiving their nautical training on board one of the fine frigates of Messrs. Green. I pass over Captain Lecky's summary of the wages earned by the crew as being a subject no landsman cares about, but pause for a moment at the master, who, Captain Lecky says, made over 1,000*l.* a year, not in wages, but mostly in 'primage' (a kind of commission) on the cargo, and because a certain amount of space was always set apart by the owners for the master's private ventures. Of course the *Alfred* carried only first-class passengers, equally of course she was handled exactly like a frigate of the Navy; certain hard and fast rules as to sail-handling and dismantling ship were strictly observed, and altogether it was abundantly manifest that the rigid division now made between Navy and Merchant Service did not then exist. The whole of that fine crew might have been transferred to a vessel of war and they would scarcely have noticed the change. But now a crew of intelligent landsmen would, barring sea-sickness, be just as soon useful on board a man-of-war as a crew as any scratch crowd taken out of a merchant vessel, even supposing the latter could be found all British subjects.

The *Alfred* went leisurely too, calling at Madeira and Cape Town on the outward passage¹ to Calcutta, and on the homeward at St. Helena and the Azores in order to break the monotony of the passage and obtain fresh provisions. But even then some smart passages were made, owing to the consummate seamanship of the commanders. These were the palmy days of sailing occasionally heard of in the fore-castle of a sailing ship from some survival, some worn and haggard old A. B., who, looking scornfully round upon the twenty wastrels of all nations comprising the crew of his 1,500-ton ship, thinks dolefully of vessels like the *Alfred* of 1,000 tons with seventy-eight sailors to handle her.

But young Lecky was not satisfied. The decorated clothing, the quasi-officer status, did not compensate him for what he felt

¹ Nothing more plainly marks the amateur nautical writer than his calling the journey from one port to another a 'voyage.' No sailor does. The round trip from home back to home again constitutes the 'voyage,' all the port to port journeys are 'passages.'

was a great waste of time. These vessels were stately, high-class, altogether admirable, but the upward path was slow, as slow as their passages were up the Hooghli under sail (no tugs in those days) even though handled with the most wonderful seamanship by those aristocrats of the sea, the Calcutta pilots. So upon his return from his first voyage he broke his connection with Messrs. Green, forfeiting all the patronage they were then so well able to bestow upon their pupils, and without saying a word to anyone hied him off to Liverpool, where he indentured himself to Mr. James Beazley, a gentleman totally unknown to him, but in whose ships he felt sure he would get all the opportunities he hungered for of learning the profession he loved. He says parenthetically concerning this bold step, 'I had neither friends nor acquaintances in Liverpool, and had my poor mother only known what I was doing she would have sent a policeman after me.' But she did not know, and the ardent young seaman chronicles with just pride how, before his indentures had expired, he had become successively bosun, third mate, second mate, and chief mate of the *Prince Arthur*, 1,146 tons, esteemed one of the finest clipper ships of her day. Some of these positions had perforce to be held surreptitiously, as the Board of Trade did not permit an apprentice while serving his time to hold a certificate. But immediately upon the expiration of Lecky's time, or at nineteen years of age, he was appointed duly-qualified second mate of Messrs. Beazley's *Star of the East*, a magnificent China clipper, very heavily sparred, with a reputed speed of 17 knots. Lecky naïvely says he 'never saw her go more than 15,' and this coincides with my opinion, based upon considerable experience, that the sailing ship never swam that went more than 16 knots under sail, and the Yankee stories about 21 knots, &c., are what we might expect from this versatile and imaginative people.

Lecky's next venture was a startling one, to those, that is, who know what sea life means. Not succeeding in hitting it off with his new seniors (such a man must always have been a thorn in the side of a less capable superior officer), he left the *Star of the East*, and became second mate of the American ship *Jacob A. Westerfeldt*, proving at once his courage and capacity to rule. It would take far too long to explain why this is so; may it suffice to say that he who can successfully keep his end up as second mate of an American sailing ship must emphatically be a *man*. But one voyage under the Stars and Stripes was enough,

and returning to Liverpool he joined the *Swithamley*, of Liverpool, as second mate. Upon arrival in Kurrachee or Karachi, as the pedants have it, he took his discharge and joined 'Her Majesty's Indian Navy.' Not, he is careful to say, the Bengal *Marine*, or the Bombay *Marine*, or the Royal Indian *Marine*, but a *pukka* 'Navy,' formerly the 'Honourable East India Company's Navy.' In this service he remained as first-class second master, until it was broken up and officers and men dispersed. Lecky had not served long enough for a pension, but a month's pay for each year of service was given him and others like him. Far beyond pay, however, was the experience he had gained, the sea-lore of all kinds with which he had stored his mind, letting no opportunity slip of acquiring such knowledge as should be useful to him later on in his beloved business. His words about the conditions of life in this latter service of the Indian Navy are full of the highest appreciation.

Now he must needs become a peaceful merchantman again, and accordingly we find him making a Southern voyage in the *Nell Gwyn* of Bristol, 'a very smart craft.' But on returning home a chance offers itself for him to risk life and liberty on board the blockade-runner *Bahama*, endeavouring to get into Charleston during the American Civil War. She was not really fast enough, the venture was a disastrous failure, and Lecky, to use his own phrase, found himself 'on his beam-ends.' With all his transcendent abilities he does not seem yet to have acquired the unsailorlike virtue of thrift, and so is glad to ship for the Mediterranean as third mate of a four-masted steamer called the *Bellona*, which was everlastingly breaking down and otherwise making herself a thorn in the flesh to her unhappy officers and crew. On returning to Liverpool Lecky left the *Bellona* at once and obtained a second officer's berth in what was then looked upon as, next to the Cunard, the crack Transatlantic Line. Beginning in the *City of Washington*, he served on board half a dozen of the fine Inman steamers, being then promoted to the position of chief officer of the *City of Manchester*.

This work, however, was far too humdrum for young Lecky (he was even then compiling the book which has made him famous among seafarers everywhere), and he had no fear of taking legitimate risks. So he left the Inman Company's service, much to their annoyance, and superintended the construction of a new S.S., the *Krishna*, building at Liverpool for a newly-formed

company called the 'Bombay and Bengal Steam Ship Company.' He says, 'I did not command her long, for the concern went smash, but my luck held good, for I immediately got command of a screw collier trading between Liverpool, Cardiff, and elsewhere!' Again typical of the man, for there be few sailors who would consider a change from chief officer of an Inman Liner to skipper of a screw collier a bit of luck. He did not find it pleasant himself, and was consequently gratified in no small measure when Messrs. Lamport and Holt, the well-known shipowners of Liverpool, bought her and took over her master and officers. Thenceforward his lines ran pleasantly enough for four-and-a-half years, trading in these comfortable steamers between Liverpool and practically all the ports of Eastern South America. During all this time he was busy in every hour of his spare time (and how much spare time the skipper of a deep-water ship has no one knows but a seaman), improving his own mind and making use of his powers for the benefit of others. It was now that he completed the first edition of his great work, 'Wrinkles in Practical Navigation,' a work that has had a wider circulation (and justly so) than any book of the kind ever written, a book brimful of practical sea-lore, to be found on as many officers' shelves in the Navy as in the Merchant Service, and yet without a line which the author considered would lead people to suppose they could learn seamanship and ship-handling out of books, an idea he abhorred.

Yet Mr. Lecky's career as a shipmaster was still far from being assured and settled for life. Presently we find him, having suddenly left Messrs. Lamport and Holt's employ, sailing as chief officer of the *Patagonia*, then a crack ship of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. On his return he obtained command, which he kept in various ships of this fine service for six years, contributing during that time an enormous amount of valuable information to the charts of South America, especially those dealing with that most intricate part of the world which includes the western half of the Straits of Magellan and the Gulf of Peñas. The Admiralty charts of those regions all bear Lecky's name, but are gradually being superseded by the results of the closer surveys of modern days, the work of men who have nought else to do. Marine surveying, Lecky declares, was one of his hobbies, marine engineering and iron (steel) shipbuilding another, as distinguished from the business of his life, which was ship-handling and navigation.

Suddenly severing his connection with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company for reasons with which we have here nothing to do, he started with Lord Brassey, at the latter's invitation, on the famous cruise of the *Sunbeam*, but without any official or semi-official position on board—merely as a guest. He only went as far as Buenos Ayres, where an urgent message awaited him requiring his return home for some legal business. He immediately embarked on board an old ship of his, the *Hipparchus*, and came back.

But now—and this will perhaps seem inexplicable to those who do not know the sailor—he found himself stranded, wearing the soles of his boots off in the weary inspection of public buildings gratis, and seeing his wife, his children, and himself growing thinner every day. At last, unable to bear this forced inactivity any longer, this splendid seaman and commander found himself compelled to ship as boatswain of one of the 'City Line' boats, the *City of Mecca*, for Calcutta. On his return the captain, officers, and engineers, jolly good fellows every one, surely without a trace of professional jealousy, but whole-hearted in their admiration of the talented bo'sun, gave him a 'swagger' dinner at the Cannon Street Hotel, and bade him farewell upon his appointment as Commodore Captain of the British steamers of the 'American' line from Liverpool to Philadelphia. He was now in his element. With full powers, honoured, believed in, and fully trusted, he was quite happy. He superintended the building of each new vessel by the great Belfast builders Messrs. Harland and Wolff, and commanded each one at sea when built. Apparently the sea had no more prizes to offer him, and there was before him a certain prospect of a snug berth ashore as ship's husband or overlooker of the Line at no distant date. Yet this was as early as 1884, when he had been only thirty-three years at sea altogether, and in spite of the great lack of continuity in his service, generally a fatal bar to high promotion with any rapidity. He was now in the full vigour of manhood, only forty-seven years of age, with a record behind him, apart from the production of his wonderful book, of which any seaman might well be inordinately proud, even with every advantage that wealth, education, and influence could possibly give. But if seamen as a class were asked what constituted Squire T. S. Lecky's claim to the highest honours among his fellows there would be no dissentient voice—his book. There has never been anything like it 'for navigators in its scope, accuracy, perspicacity, and withal popular

style, whereby the most abstruse questions were made clear to dull minds, easy of working and ready of application. In addition to all his other qualifications, however, he had found time to put in his drill as a Royal Naval Reserve officer, both ashore and afloat, to such good purpose that he was enabled to retire with the rank of Commander, one of the few merchant shipmasters legally entitled to the rank of 'Captain.' He also commanded the *British Prince* transport throughout the Egyptian War of 1882, volunteered to go to the front, went, and gained the medal and star.

In 1884 an advertisement appeared in the principal newspapers inviting applications for the post of Marine Superintendent to the Great Western Railway. In response to this nearly six hundred candidates sought the berth. Captain Lecky cynically details the weeding-out process by means of which this regiment of applicants was reduced to fourteen. These survivors were invited up to Paddington, where by the directors they were gradually brought down to three. And Captain Lecky achieved the high honour of securing the post, in spite of his many highly-placed Naval competitors and the fact that his predecessor had been a Vice-Admiral. Now this to the average landsman may not seem a fact worthy of notice, but indeed it is of the highest import, and one not at all relished in 'Service' circles. Only five instances of the kind come to mind: Mr. Henry Toynbee and Commander Campbell-Hepworth, C.B., R.N.R., to the post of Marine Superintendent of the Meteorological Office, Mr. C. Wilson-Barker to the command of the *Worcester* training-ship, Commander Caius Crutchley, R.N.R., to the secretaryship of the Navy League, and Captain Lecky's appointment, all of which were and are abundantly justified.

Captain Lecky entered upon his new and vast duties fortified by the assurance that he had the entire confidence of the directors, that he as a practical seaman, administrator of nautical affairs, and enthusiast in the mysteries of practical engineering and iron (or steel) shipbuilding would be given a perfectly free hand, and for sixteen years he abundantly justified that confidence. Of course it was open to him to be a figure-head, and, choosing able subordinates, assume credit for their careful work while taking life exceedingly easy himself. Such men are not unknown or difficult to be pointed out to-day. But Lecky threw himself into this new business with all that passion for detail, love of hard work, and indifference to fatigue which had ever

characterised him, positively gloating over the herculean character of his labours. In one of his letters to me he enumerates them, premising that he had no superintending engineer. The supervision of an engineering works employing 250 hands, the Irish Steamship Service, the Weymouth-Cherbourg and the Weymouth-Channel Islands Steamship connections might each have justly claimed the whole of one man's energies, no doubt. But Captain Lecky's energies needed just such an outlet as the whole of these duties combined, and he adds as an afterthought that the oversight of all the Great Western Railway's docks all over the kingdom also devolved upon him. He also says, 'I never knew what hard work really was before' (one may be pardoned for wondering what this man's idea of *really* hard work was), 'but I never was happier, for I loved my work.' Exactly, and to their great honour be it said the Great Western Railway directors recognised this to the full, treating their willing, enthusiastic servant as such a man deserved to be treated, and winning his whole-hearted gratitude for what he calls (as the highest encomium at his command) their perfectly gentlemanly behaviour towards him.

Alas! though spirits be willing, flesh is weak, and Captain Lecky found that, love his work as he might, this mortal veil needed consideration too. Several warnings passed unheeded until two years ago the condition of his throat made it absolutely necessary for him to retire. He was only 63, but he had lived as much as some men would have done had they reached 1000. Thenceforward his letters are sacred, telling of his quest of health, his martyrdom at the hands of specialists (37 operations upon his throat in three months), and underlying them all the grim shadow dogging his fearless footsteps. He who had faced mutinous crews fully armed, who had fought on the battle-field, and been all his sea-life in constant touch with horrible forms of mortal disintegration, had now to lie and wait the stealthy approach of the conqueror, never more terrible than under circumstances like these.

His complaint was diagnosed as granular pharyngitis, but one cannot help suspecting a grimmer spectre behind that glib description. However, that may pass, for he is dead.

And I, his humble and quite inefficient chronicler, ask forgiveness for offering this tribute to his memory under the plea that such men as he are far too little thought of by this nation of *laissez-faire*. In the Merchant Service, Squire Thornton Stratford

Lecky was reared, in the fullest sense of the term. He owed no college allegiance; his wonderful attainments in mathematics, engineering, and shipbuilding were all earned by strenuous application while at sea, and followed up as occasion offered ashore, and his example should be a most stimulating one to shipmasters to-day. It speaks strenuously to merchant shipmasters to raise themselves, to cry aloud and spare not. It tells them no longer to endure the callous ignorance of the nation generally, the cold neglect of their naval confrères (how the latter will 'squirm' at this word!), and the venomous detraction by hungry guinea-seeking clerks, knowing mathematics and nought else, who would make of every shipmaster a blear-eyed pedant, unfit for aught save detraction of his fellow-man, born of impotent envy.

This is no place to introduce anecdotes of Captain Lecky's career. But I may be pardoned for giving just one, as showing conclusively that Captain Lecky was not merely a consummately able shipmaster with all that such a title implies, but also a 'tall fellow of his hands,' a quality that counts so enormously at sea for good or evil accordingly as it is used. When he was mate of the *Prince Arthur* he had a *very* rowdy crew (the emphasis is his own and means a great deal) of 33 hands. Now let him tell his own story. 'One evening, after I had had a big fight with this lot, I called the carpenter on to the poop and explained that in future whenever he saw me mixed up in a *mêlée* he was to come along with his axe. The carpenter, a Scotchman as usual, looked at me and said, "Na, na, sirr, Ah canna dae that." I got very indignant, whereupon he explained that it was the axe he objected to. He said, "Ma weepuns arr ma han'saw an' a broad cheesul, for ye ken, if Ah mak a stroak at a mahn wi ma axe an miss him, he'll hev ma befoar Ah can recover masel, but Ah defy him tae hold on tae ma han'saw, an if he did why Ah'd juist lop aff his han' at the wrist wi ma cheesul." I subsequently found him a good useful man in a row at Akyab when I chased the whole crew out of the ship and laid her up, times being bad and freights nowhere.' Some day, I hope, Captain Lecky's life will be written for his fellow merchant seamen, to the lasting benefit (I believe) of the latter. But at present there is nought remaining for me to write but my grateful appreciation of the courtesy that has enabled me to pay my small tribute to the greatness of one whom I consider to have been the greatest Merchant Seaman of his century.

THE PARIAH.¹

I MET a weary wandering wight
 'Mid deserts wild and rude,
 Who seemed to shrink from human sight
 And seek for solitude:
 Like one he was who feels the weight
 Of yet unpardoned sin:
 His anguished brow and timorous gait
 Betrayed the fears within!

'Oh, say,' I cried, 'poor outcast, why
 Thou seek'st this dreary place,
 All, all alone, with fearful eye
 And darkly-muffled face!
 Some secret grief has made thee shun
 Mankind's familiar path,
 Or thou some desperate deed hast done
 And fear'st the avenger's wrath,—

'Whate'er the burden be that so
 Lies heavy on thy breast,
 Or conscious shame, or hidden woe,
 Or ordinance transgressed,
 Yet may confession heal the offence
 And purge away the stain,—
 Ay, though those mantled lineaments
 Should bear the brand of Cain!

'Confide in me, whate'er it be:
 Thy sorrows all reveal:
 (Here may'st thou find a heart that's kind,
 By suffering schooled to feel)—
 What stroke of fate has reft thy bliss,
 What crime thy conscience seared?'
 'Sir,' he replied, 'the reason's this—
I'm trying to grow my beard!'

A. D. GODLEY.

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*THE CECIL RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS IN THE
UNITED STATES.*

IN considering the probable success of the scholarships at Oxford given to the United States by the late Cecil Rhodes, two things at least are clear: that, in America, the desire for a college education steadily becomes more widespread even among the youths who must make large sacrifices for it; and that youths with the scholarship, the fine personal character, and the promise of later leadership desired by Mr. Rhodes in the beneficiaries from his gift frequent the colleges in large numbers. Every year scores of college students cross from the United States to Europe, working their passage on cattle-steamers, or acting as tutors or guides, in order to grasp certain advantages which Europe offers and America does not. Surely, if these youths are willing to occupy positions that may be galling and even to endure considerable personal discomfort in order to round off their education by means of foreign travel, no narrow provincialism will, as some newspapers have suggested, keep American young men from accepting the generous gift which will open to them the learning, traditions, and rich culture of Oxford.

The purpose of Mr. Rhodes was to provide two youths from each state or territory, of the age at which American boys enter college—seventeen to twenty-one—with three years of residence as undergraduates at an Oxford college. He did not intend to have his gift used for graduate work at Oxford, but rather he meant to give lads of special promise an opportunity to understand and share in the Oxford training which has been the foundation of the culture of many of the leaders of English thought and action whom these same lads have been taught to admire. The beneficiaries are to be selected not only for their high scholarship, but also for marked qualities of manliness, for leadership among their schoolfellows, and even for proficiency in sport. Youths of the 'muscular Christianity' which the late Bishop Brooks delighted to preach are the persons Mr. Rhodes desired to aid.

It is at best so ungracious a task to scrutinise a gift-horse sharply that one may, perhaps, waive discussion of some questions sure to disturb anyone who has watched at any large American

college the yearly influx of students from all over the country. For instance, does the school provide an adequate test of the manliness and personal character of the candidate? Is it not an experience often repeated to find lads who, under the comparatively rigid curriculum of the schools, gave no special promise, developing, with the freer choice of work which the college gives them, in a way surprising to their old masters? Is not school leadership usually dependent on athletic accomplishment, and does it not often happen that the famous athlete of school or college plays but an inconspicuous part at the class reunions with their estimates of men readjusted by mature experience? Is anything commoner in American college life than to find that the leaders of the class in the first year have given place toward the end of the course to others far better fitted to lead among lads of seventeen or eighteen? The standards for a leader are very different from those which hold among their brothers of twenty to twenty-five. The fact is, certain marked differences between the preparatory schools and the colleges of England and the United States, differences which Mr. Rhodes was not likely to know, make it doubtful whether the generous and idealistic gift will work just as the donor hoped. We may put aside the question whether most American preparatory schools provide enough training in Latin and Greek to make it easy for a boy to pass directly from them into Oxford. If there be a gap, boys who have determined to go to Oxford will fill it as they now fill the gaps between the instruction of some schools and the requirements of the larger American colleges, by outside work. But it is clear that Mr. Rhodes, in deciding on the qualifications for a holder of one of his scholarships, had in mind, very naturally, English boys and English public schools. The latter have the boys under supervision for some years, so that the masters have ample opportunity to judge them accurately. In the United States, the boarding-school has only recently come into wide-spread use, and often, even now, a boy goes to one of them only for the last year before he enters college. And even now, the majority of the boys preparing for college are trained at the local or state schools—what, educationally speaking, correspond, I believe, to the High Schools in England. This means that the student is under the teacher's supervision only for a part of the day, that often there is not enough common social life in the school to make organised athletics possible, and that the relations with the masters are

confined to the class-room and are of the most formal kind. That is, it will not be so easy in the United States as it would be in England to get satisfactory information as to the character, the leadership, and the athletic attainments of candidates. Moreover, the young men most likely to wish to present themselves as possible beneficiaries will come in large part from these day schools, for the boarding-school is expensive and comparatively few boys there need money for the completion of their education. Now the American public is not accustomed to scholarships comprising considerable payments of money, but granted without regard to the financial condition of the recipient. Consequently, a boy who has done exceptionally well at school, but is able to pay his way, hardly ever thinks of applying for a scholarship at the college of his choice. If he did, most of the American colleges would tell him that their scholarships were closed to him because intended only for youths in actual need. The school friends of the boy, too, would think his sense of honour very dull if, by any such application, he showed himself willing to block the chances of other students whose preparatory training or whose powers might make their accomplishment less than his.

At the present time, Harvard College distributes yearly some hundred scholarships with a stipend. Of these not a dozen are open to boys who have sufficient money to put them through their college course. The college recognises exceptional scholarship in youths of means by scholarships without stipend. Therefore, if the Rhodes scholarships are to be assigned without regard to the financial condition of the candidates, this fact should be made unmistakably clear in announcing them to the public. Otherwise, few youths, if any, who are of high scholarship and great promise, but well able to pay their way at Oxford, will present themselves. Under any circumstances, in the present state of public opinion in regard to accepting a scholarship with a stipend, if a possible candidate can perfectly well meet his expenses, I doubt if there will be many would-be beneficiaries except from the group of youths who are but scantily supplied with funds. This does not mean that among these there are not many lads who thoroughly deserve to win the proposed scholarships, but it does mean that in considering their applications there will be special difficulty in getting the information desired as to their fitness on all the grounds for choice. In the first place, these youths get their preparation, for the most part, in

the day-schools; in the second place, those of them who go to the boarding-schools are likely to be so absorbed by two duties, winning good grades and making both ends meet, that they will have little or no time for athletics or for showing leadership among their comrades. These differences between English and American conditions will make the selection of candidates no easy task for the administrators of the gift.

But grant, for the moment, either that American custom as to accepting scholarships with a stipend will rapidly change, or that the youths of very restricted means can be accurately judged, what is likely to be the attitude of young Americans towards the gift? I doubt much if just the kind of youth desired by Mr. Rhodes will meet the administrators of the gift half way. In the first place, until the end of the first year at Oxford, the holder of the Rhodes scholarship will have little chance at anything except classics and mathematics, for by the requirements of Oxford colleges he will take Responsions on entering, and, as a marked man wishing to do well, Moderations at the end of his first year. This will leave him two years for his preparation for honours, or for special work. For some years, interest in American schools in Greek and Latin has been decreasing. The tendency is for the colleges to force down into the preparatory schools more of science, of the modern languages, and of the study of English composition and literature. Very recently an experienced and successful master of a secondary school told the writer that he could no longer arouse among his pupils any interest in Greek, and that what maintained such interest as there is in Latin is the oft-repeated statement that knowledge of it is necessary to intelligent use of English. How different all this from the attitude in English schools! At Harvard College many students enter without Greek, and the majority do not go on with Greek or Latin after they have matriculated. The usual course for the first year includes French or German, an introductory course in history, a course in English composition, a general course in English literature, and an introductory course in economics, government, philosophy or fine arts. The youth of well-defined scientific trend substitutes for some of these one or more of the following subjects, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, or mathematics, leading directly to courses, during his second year, in engineering. In some of the colleges, provided certain regulations as to a proper sequence of courses within the same

department be followed, a boy is from the start almost entirely free to choose whatever courses he pleases. After the first year there is but little prescribed work in the leading colleges of the United States, and even in the most conservative the freedom of choice increases yearly. Therefore, as against at Oxford a group system which in natural science promises some freedom for three years, but in the other groups little freedom till the second year, a youth considering whether he shall offer himself as a candidate for a Rhodes scholarship can set off at least three, and in some cases four years, of a fuller or an entirely free choice in American colleges. The kind of lad whom Mr. Rhodes had in mind—who is already a leader, or wishes to become one—takes in the colleges of the United States not the classics and mathematics, but courses looking towards the law or business. Many such students, recognising that they will be from twenty-five to twenty-seven years old before their work at a law school will end or before they can obtain a salary sufficient to support them comfortably, take each year, in colleges permitting the arrangement, enough courses to win the B.A. degree in three years instead of four. Is it likely that youths of these interests and of this temper—and it is to be remembered that among them are the men who most closely meet the requisites for the Rhodes scholarships—will be enthusiastic about adding to their study of Greek and Latin in the preparatory school; carrying both languages at least an extra year; and taking a course in which they are given real freedom of choice only in the last two years, and then only to a limited degree as compared with what is allowed in the leading American colleges? Moreover, professors of economics, sociology, history, and government, are often able to place advantageous openings in the way of their more distinguished students—a fact not likely to be overlooked by youths whose family or friends cannot be expected to provide an opening when the college course is ended. Naturally such opportunities in the United States would not be so likely to fall in the way of the young American graduating from Oxford. Is it not probable for all these reasons that boys of the class just described will enter the home colleges?

There remain one or two other classes of possible candidates. First, there are the boys, no matter what the state of their finances, who find no attraction in law, medicine, or business, and who wish a college course for the varied experience and pleasure it may afford. Is not such a lad very likely to follow his school-

mates to the college chosen by them? Will not the college traditions of his family weigh strongly with him?—for in the United States there are Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, and Harvard families, just as in England there are families whose sons have for generations been Oxford or Cambridge men. Here and there an individual may have the curiosity and the independence to make him break away from his fellows, but the number is not likely to be large. It is from the remaining class that the majority of the candidates will probably come—from the boys who have developed in the preparatory schools a strong liking for the older curriculum of classics and mathematics. Those who for their own pleasure or because they plan to become teachers of the classics may wish to master Latin and Greek must find the scholarships almost irresistibly attractive. Young men with the promise of sound scholarship and large usefulness as teachers, who are at the same time sure to appreciate fully the beauty and the inspiration of Oxford life, will surely appear as candidates. There will probably be among them, too, youths who will later play a prominent part in the educational life of the United States, but, with striking irony, theirs will be leadership among the men whom the donor of the scholarships has declared unfitted to treat affairs of the outside world. Even if it be granted that the professor of to-day is not fitted for responsibilities outside the college walls—and the matter cannot be settled by a mere assertion—surely the scholarships will justify their existence if they give many earnest, intelligent young Americans three Oxford years which must enrich them mentally and spiritually.

But there is a chance that the scholarships may do much more—may ultimately be the chief force in restoring the study of the classics to something of its old popularity in the United States. The present neglect of Latin and Greek results, not merely from growing recognition of the fact that a wide knowledge of the classics is not necessary in most of the activities of life, but far more from the deadening effect of men who have learned in Germany to regard the letter almost to a forgetting of the spirit, and who treat the classics as philology rather than as literature. So rare is it to find undergraduates of American colleges talking of classical literature with the knowledge and enthusiasm with which hundreds of their fellows talk of English literature, that one meets such persons with surprised delight. Yet the few Oxford men in the faculties of American colleges have shown

repeatedly that, if left unhampered, they can still teach the classics so as to transmit to their pupils some of their own zest for the subject, and a little of that special mellowness of culture which marks the Oxford man. If, after a time, a small group of young Americans returns each year from Oxford, bringing an enthusiastic love for the classics as literature, and something of the power Oxford can impart of so teaching Greek and Latin as to make both a pleasure in the later lives of their students, the present neglect of the classics by American youths must change. Yet, even as the alluring prospect makes one think gratefully of the generous donor of the scholarships, one smiles at the curious irony in things which may yet make Cecil Rhodes an important influence in re-popularising the classics in America.

GEO. P. BAKER.

*BEFORE HOMER:
SEA-POWER AND THE ODYSSEY.*

THE story of the cities of the Plain of Argos is, after that of Athens, the most fascinating in the unrivalled record of Hellas. In the Argive Plain, or high above it on the spurs of the enveloping mountains, one's bright but changing dreams of the Homeric age for the first time take on a certain definiteness and repose. The history of Hellas before the Olympic victory of Corcebus will, perhaps, never possess the barren precision of annals. But it is certain that the question of the pre-Athenian Hellas—the Greece that was the horizon of the minds of Plato, Herodotus, and Alcibiades—a question too long discussed by wise men at desks a thousand miles from the island of Kalypso and the Mediterranean seaboard, is not likely to be illuminated except by the sun that beats upon this coast. For the observer who looks down, for instance, upon the Argive Plain is taken into the confidence of the country; and Clio there comes to him unsought and offers him her hand.

Consider for a moment this special instance of the Plain of Argos. Clouds of myth, which long ago became a part of our Northern poetry, of legendary mists lighted by watchfires in the night and muffling the far sounds of clashing shields, roll continuously over the Hellas of this epoch, which only Homer has revealed. Now and then a warrior, with a look as of the 'half-gods,' or the tall form of a woman made in the likeness of an Eastern Helen, all statuesquely and divinely fair, appear in majesty or grace through the rifted clouds. But as to whether these are shapes of men or only men's imaginings, we have been too long left in doubt, and too quickly we had decided to accept them as the latter, with the regret that so much that is so winsome should be so unreal. They vanish from us in the dust raised by the great migrations. As we listen we catch the sound of a southward struggling clan, and in the words 'Return of the Heracleidæ,' we forget, and almost doubt the existence of, the anterior world of which Homer, as in the polished surface of some Dædalian shield, brings us the reflection. Certain that this formula names an undeniable episode of history, we treat too

readily the Homeric poems, which tell of an even earlier time, as a collection of baseless fables. We incline, in reference to Homer, to be as uncritical as was moralising Plato; whereas we should be wiser, with Helbig and the writer who is the subject of this article, to gather from the 'Æneid' the point of view of Vergil.

Much of the error undoubtedly is due to modern methods of teaching Greek. The school histories have fixed received traditions, and preserved, no doubt, some useful formulas. But to the boy aiming at the usually empty honours of a university degree, such an episode as that described by the phrase 'Return of the Heracleidæ' seems an obviously expurgated fragment of an old, uninteresting play, fit for graybeards to grow grayer over, but a thievish interloper on his own athletic hours. Greek rivers, he thinks, may have been all very well, if one were born an Achilles, and needed the un-Christian baptism that his mother gave him; but they flowed only on the map, and his own arm aches at the thought of the strain on the muscles of the arm of Thetis in holding her boy so safely by the heel. The word *ichor*, with its magical possibilities, still left something to be explained. As for Argos, whether the word means town or plain, it always seems the farthest possible removed from the reality, as it was and is. The schoolboy, and too often his professor, certainly does not fix it at any special point in relation to the Mediterranean world, although he can draw an irreproachable map of Hellas, with a labelled dot marking its site. Argos is known to be *ἵππόβοτος*, but why 'horse-pasturing' is little clearer to us than it was to the Athenian editors of Homer. And whenever the average modern student forms a mental picture of Mykenæ, he thinks of it too rarely as being what it really was, a kind of Rhineland, Auvergnat, or Scottish-border castle upon a mountain route, where robber barons levied toll, and surrounded by the huddling homes of villains and retainers. In contrast with this picture of the real thing, most of us place within this castle a very Greek old man, with a divinely long white beard, a 'lord of men,' fond of wassail and good cheer, taking one long quaff under nodding plume and helmet before setting out with shake of head and bluster of protruded lips and slapping of thighs to seek some matchless Helen. Helen, to us to-day, as before us to Marlowe, is always the matchless, something quite illusively lovely in the grace of stately robes, as excellent as Grecian maid could ever seem, very lithe, very alluring, and very fair, and the rest of the picture is

wont to be much coarser and more Northern, save that the heroes and the half-gods are never hirsute, but always with a bloom on their cheeks, where rosy life-blood shines.

One's notions are still vague and fantastic, even after Grote and Curtius, and most of their successors. For the writer of these notes, finally, on visiting Argos, while there was still the old illusion, criticism found a foothold. He forgot the ingenious optative; he put his ear to the soil; he unlearned all and began afresh.

It is this experiment, tried systematically at a score of points along the Mediterranean seaboard and among its islands, by a French scholar, M. Victor Bérard, that has had almost miraculous consequences. It has resulted in the construction of one of the most remarkable books of our time, which it is the humble business of the present article merely to bring to the attention of British readers. But consider for a little longer in detail the special instance of the Argive Plain.

In what was once the Museum of Boulak, on a *stelé* of black granite about two feet wide and three feet high, is a poem, 'famous,' says M. Maspero, in the literary history of Egypt, and in this poem is the following passage—the god is addressing the king, Thotmes III., a ruler of Egypt of about 1200 B.C.:—'I am come . . . the *isles* of the *Danaoi* are in the power of your Majesty. I make them look upon your Majesty as a furious lion who crouches upon their corpses across the valleys.' Whether this *stelé* be correctly rendered is a question;¹ but at all events this hint, this vague rumble of distant contests along the Mediterranean coasts at a period anterior to the war of Troy, or even to the expedition of the Argonauts, receives interesting corroboration in a number of correlated but uncoordinated facts, some of which science has already begun to string together. An absorbing question arises: Who were the original inhabitants of Greece? Who, precisely, were the combatants in the Trojan War, if indeed there was a Trojan War? And what, later on, were

¹ On this point I have received a letter from M. Maspero, from which I extract the following passage: 'La traduction *îles des Danaens* n'est pas entièrement certain en cet endroit. Il est, pourtant, question ailleurs d'un peuple dont le nom est identifié par les uns à celui des Danaens homériques, par les autres à celui des Dauniens d'Apulie. La première identification est celle que je tiens bonne. Ces peuples étaient alliés des Shagalasha (Sagalassos) d'Asie-Mineure, des Toursha ou Tyrséniens de l'Asie-Mineure et de l'Archipel, ainsi que des Ouashasha probablement d'Asie-Mineure, qui attaquèrent l'Égypte dans les premières années de Ramsès III.'

these extraordinary shifts of population, these migrations of which we hear the rumblings as of marching feet, but nothing more?

No result of science is surer to-day than the knowledge of the early hold obtained by the people of the East in Greece. Exclude Homer, exclude such a monument as that just mentioned, and we may say that written documents have nothing to tell us in answer to these questions. But Homer cannot be excluded, nor the monuments. Yet even thus, it had seemed that only here and there a passage as doubtful as that from the Egyptian *stelé* could be cited to throw light upon these problems. To be sure, there remained the science of comparative architecture, with its ambiguous replies; and, more effectively still, comparative mythology opened up to adventurous critics perilous trails across its thickets. Archæology, with the large suggestions of the discoveries of a Schliemann or an Evans, contributed, and is still contributing, its tentative response to these questions. Yet there remains a witness surer than all the others: a scientific method, until quite recently employed only at random, but now at last defined and brilliantly applied by the author of 'The Phœnicians and the Odyssey.' The method in question is the method of Topology, and the witness that of the land itself.

The position and nature of the country of Hellas being, as it was, to those who dared the sea, a stable western limit and resting-place beyond the Cyclades, would suffice to suggest that, deep in the unnatural glories of that aureoled past, where the forms of men loom in a vague majesty and Titan deeds with Titan forms are the romantic order of the time, there was a race of average men, close-knit to the modern world by all the laws of historic continuity; men as restless and as eager for love and war, and for money and for pleasure, as we are to-day. Nation after nation went up and down the bright Mediterranean coast in peaceful commerce or in pirate conquest, founding station after station, dropping from port to port, bringing news from neighbouring lands, and new products and the seeds of thought. We had, to be sure, beforehand the Attic legend, the story that out of Saïs, hunted from his country, came the wise Egyptian, Cecrops, who gave the Athenians laws on marriage and funeral rites, and taught them the virtue of the olive. We were told, as well, that in Bœotia a certain Kadmos had sailed across the sea from Phœnicia and brought light with letters, and that there followed the seven-gated town. In Argos, likewise, a brother of the King

of Egypt, Danaos, fleeing with fifty hard-hearted daughters, settles and becomes the founder of the great Peloponnesian house.

These myths are the poetry of colonial expansion, but they are not merely poetry.

The story of the hard-hearted daughters of Argos I held in my mind as I crossed one day the great stretch of the Argive Plain under a dreary sky, and the myth, dissolving, deposited its sediment of history.

There before me was a broad plain between bounding mountains, not only in shape but in relative proportions much like the upper surface of a shovel, with the upper inland end narrowing as it reached the spring of the mountains, and broadening towards the sea, with fair, open stretches of enticing country. Inland, at the head of the plain, on the right as one came from the sea, and on the shoulder of the hill, was Mykenæ; some miles farther down on the same side towards Nauplia, but standing out at a greater distance in the plain, was Tiryns, rock-girt on its natural Acropolis; far across on the other side, roughly speaking half-way between the two, was Argos. A line connecting all these points would have made a not by any means distorted isosceles triangle. There were the three world-famous Argive cities in easy distance one of another across the plain; and there, too, was the great curve of the shore where the Ægean washed its waves brought all the way from Egypt and from Crete. A bark from Asia Minor, skirting the coasts of myriad-islanded Hellas, sooner or later must reach the mainland; and, sighting it off the Attic promontory, unless hard-pressed by weather, would turn farther to the south, if seeking to put in to land, and thus avoid the dangerous seas of Cape Colonna. And, skirting southwards past Ægina and the island of Hydra, the mariners would, of a sudden, find themselves beating inward as they rounded the Cape near Spezzia, driving on a south-east current up the Argolic Gulf; and, ahead of them, a smiling stretch of meadow-land, backed and bordered by defending mountains, a joyous plain, to the eyes at least of long-cramped oarsmen, and lying gently inclined as if wooing them to beach their craft there and to mount it from the sea. This is the Plain of Argos, and the interesting point is this: it is the only considerable stretch of country at once accessible and fertile, lovely to look upon and easy to get at, to travellers from over Eastern seas in Greece. All the rest of the Eastern coast looks high and barren from the sea, and bids the wanderer seeking for a home to

fly lest he starve amidst rocks. Among accessible points along the south-east coast tempting to colonisation, the plain of Argos lies unravaged and alone.

During the period of restless intercommunication between the bordering countries of that inland sea, a process which, until M. Bérard, those who write our histories had taken into no adequate account, people from the East, from the coast of Asia Minor and the islands, or from Egypt, people who had been in contact with more Eastern nations still, the Phœnicians, Assyrians, and the Egyptians—any one or all in one—sailing westward, finally, therefore, found themselves just off the Hellenic coast, and, beating for anchorage, caught glimpse of but two desirable spots: the great re-entrant Saronic Gulf broken up cosily into sheltered roadsteads and pretty harbours by the green islands, and the deep but narrower indentation of the Gulf of Argolis. Here, first, we should expect to find in historic record two bits of inhabited country, and such, as we shall see, is the case. But, lovely as is the Saronic Gulf, its shores are uniformly steep, and spaces of mossy meadow, like Demeter's haunt at Eleusis, or the port of Megara, are unusual. Not until such Eastern seamen sighted the deep, fair meadowland of Argos would they find a spot fit for the nourishment of a people, the building of a town, or the founding of a trading post. Yet here Nature seemed waiting to be violated. If there were inhabitants already, as undoubtedly there were, many of them were enslaved, many accepted the foreign invader, and some of them were driven out, wandering even across the isthmus into Attica. These exiles were the original Hellenes, perhaps of Celtic blood, and I suppose them to be the most southern offshoots of the original occupants of Hellas, who came into the country by way of Thessaly and the north. The traders from the East arrived in such large numbers as quite to occupy the country, and enslaving some of the Hellenes, they lorded it over them, not merely from sheer force of arm, but from their greater cunning and civilisation. It would be futile to speculate as to whether these were, in reality, the Achæans, and as to whether 'Æolians' was merely a different geographical term for the same general body of foreigners. To say, too, that it was the 'Achæans' who built or rebuilt Tiryns and Mykenæ, and ruled most of the Peloponnesus under the Atridæ, would be to precipitate a stupid war of words. Yet it was no doubt they who amused themselves in the 'Argonautic Expedition,' and in

fighting men who were really their brothers in the Trojan War. Then, after the Trojan War, a host of the original Hellenes came pouring back across the great highways of the Isthmus, and in their turn drove out those who had exiled their fathers. This movement is what is known as the 'Return of the Heracleidæ.' The strength of the landmen and the mountaineers overcame with little difficulty the more refined interlopers of the South. The latter were forced to flee, and some colonised Asia, while some went to the islands and some to Attica, taking with them their culture and leaving barbarism behind them. The population of Attica, amalgamated thus of such unlike elements, was destined from this very fact to become the finest-tempered in Greece. Several centuries went by without serious revolutions of another sort, when at last a man named Corcebus gained a victory in the Olympic games; somebody thought of recording it, the idea seemed happy, and 'modern history' began.

These considerations illustrate only vaguely a method which, in the hands of M. Bérard, has shown itself one of the most astonishing instruments of penetration of the past that human ingenuity has invented, and, I may add, capable of not merely hypothetical results, such as are the above considerations, for which I would not wish to hold M. Bérard responsible. The name of this magic pickaxe is Topology, and a clue to its virtue may be had in a knowledge of the fact that topology is not synonymous with topography, but bears the same relation to topography as geology does to geography. Before M. Bérard there had been rude anticipations of this instrument not only by Curtius and Hirschfeld and Taine and Buckle, but by smaller men like a Desmoulins or a Lenthéric. M. Bérard, however, is the first to systematise, in elaborate application to the Mediterranean world, an idea with which a certain public has already been familiarised by M. Desmoulins' expression, 'social geography.' His method, as justified in his book, is the new instrument—*novum organon*—supplementing archæology, the rash generalisations of which he castigates amusingly. He deciphers the palimpsest of philologic and ethnologic strata, laying the foundations of modern history (which, says he, begins with the Medic Wars), while offering once and again a triumphant example of the utility of working hypotheses in the march of science. Yet, after all, there is so large an element in his reasoning that is deductive, that it appears at first sight perilously *a priori*. Only when, later on, justified by

its fruits, this method taunts the sceptic exultingly, is the scholar reared in another school silenced and convinced. In this sense his method, being temporarily so recklessly wanting in induction, is unscientific. He begins, for instance, by the assertion that command of the sea, *thalassocratie*, must have been always a Mediterranean fact. This fact was 'so' because it cannot have been otherwise. But here he is with Curtius and many another, and with common sense. Where he becomes admirable and original is in his method of proof that this self-evident truth is, at the same time, a scientific fact. For, pursuing his theme, he shows how such a thalassocracy deposits, always in the same spots (the configuration, climate, winds, and fauna and flora of the Mediterranean remaining virtually identical) the relics of its reign, the *débris* of its civilisation; so that we have successive layers of tell-tale signs, names, and words, still subsisting at the points where the *a priori* laws of topology show us in advance that the dominant races were bound to leave their mark as sea powers.

Hear him, pages 28, 29 :

The results of the application of topology and toponymy to historical questions will have a general value; that is to say, if properly applied to any given point, the discoveries thus made will be valid for all other sites of the same epoch. An English dock is everywhere the same. If you know the customs and ways at Gibraltar, you know also those of Malta, Aden, and Singapore. These results will be, moreover, an object of debate and verification, because they are the rational consequence of scientific induction. The methods of both these sciences are based, in fact, upon immutable laws; they start from present or future experience to go back to facts of the past; the Mediterranean of to-day explains the Mediterranean of forty centuries ago.

Let us see how, under our very eyes, one of these Mediterranean layers is being formed. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the English have gained control of the Mediterranean traffic. Their marine and commercial terms, their merchandise and habits, their measurements and methods of navigation have made their way from Gibraltar to Port Said. The Mediterranean of to-day holds, as though in suspension, these English materials, which one day will be deposited and become sediment, when some other power—German, French, or Italian—will have taken the lead. It would then be possible to study the English strata around Gibraltar, Malta, Smyrna, Cyprus, and the Suez Canal. This English layer will cover nearly everywhere the French formations of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries. Settled under the English stream, already half fixed but not yet covered and always apparent, this French layer is spread nearly equally over from Algiers to the Caucasus and from Beyrouth to Marseilles. The Frankish *thalassocratie* of these two centuries is well known; its beds have been well explored. We can easily recognise their deposits, thanks to the travellers of that time, Tournefort, Lucas, &c., and to the diplomatic and consular reports and also to the local traditions. The Italians had a monopoly for five or six centuries before the French. A thick Italian layer is still visible at certain points; but this being generally covered by the Frankish layer, our researches would be made easier if

we had the documents that are locked up in the archives of Genoa and Venice. In their turn the Italians had the Arabs as predecessors. It may be said that this Arab *thalassocratie*, which lasted three or four centuries, is almost unknown to us, not for want of documents but for want of study and exploration. Its layers no longer appear under the new formations, which have entirely covered it; yet with a little attention we might still perceive them almost on a level with the soil. Remark how, in the everyday speech of our Mediterranean mariners, Arab words are still maintained: *Admiral*, *felouque*, &c. It is the same with the Byzantine layers which, under the thin Arab leaf, lead us to the dense, compact and uniform banks of the Romans and Greeks. We know but little of this stratum, and we scarcely study it. Underneath it, on the contrary, the grounds of the classic epoch are familiar to us. We recognise at a glance the specimens and the fossils; Alexandria and Laodicea, the Meander and the Tiber, Rhodes and Marseilles, Ostia and Panormus are fresh in our memories; they form the background of our historical science. These layers are, we believe, the oldest ones in Mediterranean history.

But study this Greco-Roman stratum, and in the oldest layers you will recognise, even after a superficial examination, remains that are not contemporaneous with the mass, which, furthermore, have not glided there from a subsequent deposit, but must have come from a still older layer. They are either names of places that no Greek or Latin etymology can explain—Ida, Samos, Korinthos, Salamis, Rheneia, Kasos, Massicus, Cumae, Oenotria, &c.; or positions of towns contrary to all the theories of the Greeks—Tiryrs, Chalcedon, Astypalæa, &c.; or political systems, amphictyonies of seven ports, neither the model nor key of which is given by Greek policy; or trade routes formerly followed by we know not what caravans nor for what traffic, and abandoned, it would seem, from the day when the Greek people, master of its destinies, became conscious of its own needs and had the free disposal of its forces; such, for instance, was the Odysseian route from Pylos to Sparta, or the legendary route (Theseus) from Troezen to Marathon. If, incited by these facts, you seek further light in the oldest geographical document of the Greeks, I mean the *Odyssey*, you will there soon find the same words and the same incomprehensible phenomena. The names, routes, habits, conceptions, and theories of the *Odyssey* do not seem to be Greek. The poem is at least full of reminiscences that seem to be *ante-Hellenic*, because they are *anti-Hellenic*, contrary to all we know of the Greek language, thought, life, and civilisation. Even in keeping to the general tone of the *Odyssey* and the other Homeric poems, Gladstone had already justly noted how the fine Homeric formulas—for example, 'I have the honour to be the son of So-and-so'—were afterwards unknown to the Hellenes, who have always been, and still are, ignorant of the protocol. Underlying the formations of the classical epoch, topology, toponymy and the study of the *Odyssey* oblige us to suppose the existence of a still older layer, of a thalassocracy anterior to Greek navigation.

Already, in his 'De l'Origine des Cultes Arcadiens' (Thorin: 1894), M. Bérard, after Muss Arnolt and M. Clermont Ganneau, had offered us, in discussion of the overland routes of the Phœnicians, a brilliant and conclusive demonstration of the impact of the Semitic races upon the central cantons of the Peloponnesus, and inaugurated the method with which he now triumphs over the Mediterranean as a whole.

To-day he goes still further, and proves that the *Odyssey* itself, at all events the 'Ulysseide' (v.-xv.), is but a Phœnician *periplus*, a Levantine coaster's log-book, transposed in Greek verses and poetic legends by the Greek temperament. He has thus arrived at one of the most brilliant demonstrations that philologic studies have ever offered us, namely, the proofs that literary cosmopolitanism, which M. Tarde fancies to have been unknown to the Greeks and Romans,¹ has never been more remarkably exemplified than in the relations of the Greeks with the Orientals.

The search, then, of as many ante-Hellenic topological facts as possible, and the proof that they all reveal a Greece dominated and civilised by the foreigner, or exploited by seafaring peoples of Semitic origin, is the object of this book. Its pages are crammed with delicate demonstrations of this fact. The demonstration becomes of an extreme elegance in the elucidation of a whole set of passages from the *Telemacheia*, or the trip of Telemachus in the Peloponnesus. These passages illustrate the law, as M. Bérard calls it, of the 'traversed isthmus': a phrase that sums up briefly the habit of the primitive navigators to shun the sea whenever it was possible to take an overland route. For the sailors of the *Odyssey* the sea is only the *ὕγρὰ κέλευθα*, a perilous path for small craft that, while easily beached, were as easily upset. Accustomed as we are to staunch, seafaring vessels, we have forgotten the dangers that beset the traveller who had at his disposal only the lighter craft of these primitive times; and, oblivious of this law, our efforts to identify many an ancient site have been doomed to disappointment. This, indeed, is one of the great reasons why the text of Homer has failed thus far to be taken for what it really is—a rhythmic Pilot Book, as accurate in its descriptions as an Admiralty Pilot Chart, a Marseilles *Portulan*, a Dutch 'Mirror,' or any one of the mediæval 'Nautical Instructions' still used by our mariners. And the accuracy of the text is as precise for land as for sea journeys.

The law of the *traversed isthmus* lets us into the secret of a hundred mysterious passages, both in Homer and in later texts. It tells, for instance, why Ilion was a sort of inland pre-Hellenic Byzantium, for it was built expressly on the all but obligatory trade route between the Hellespont and the West, coasting merchantmen preferring a thousand times to deposit their cargo in

¹ *Psychologie Économique*. G. Tarde. Vol. i. p. 15, Alcan, Paris 1902.

the Bay of Besika, on the Ægean, and to transfer it thence by the plain of the Scamander, in reality an isthmus, to the Bay of Koum Kaleh, in the Dardanelles, than to risk the perils or delays still recorded in all the pilot books of these waters, which beset a vessel attempting to double the Point of Sigeum. Troy, therefore, naturally became the commercial emporium between the mysterious and tempestuous Northern Sea, and the calmer waters of the Ægean. Its princes were the commission agents of all the peoples of Northern Asia, who became their friends; so that the catalogue of the Trojan allies as given in the Homeric poems is, perhaps, rigorously exact.

I suspect—and let me suggest this case in point to M. Bérard—I suspect the little port of the Region of Retz, the Pornic of Browning's poem, to be one of the prettiest illustrations of his elegant law which it would be possible anywhere to find. There are a dozen or more ports along the Atlantic coast between La Rochelle and the mouth of the Loire, but few, if any, have the special character of the port of Pornic; moreover, the majority of these ports are of quite recent geologic formation. The ancient shore of the Gulf of Poitou, for instance, passed by Luçon and Marans; and almost the entire length of this coast has suffered transformation since the epoch when the Phœnician mariners, issuing from the Pillars of Hercules, skirted this western limit of the Empire of the Celts in search of a comfortable anchorage in safe ports. Pornic, on the contrary, is a sort of natural creek between the schist cliffs, dating from a respectable geologic past. A little river empties into this creek, a river which even to-day is navigable, and which offers a natural road of penetration for the Region of Retz. For craft of feeble tonnage no port could be 'safer,' and along a seaboard where the shifting sands and marshland were, with prayers to Poseidon, religiously avoided by the Greek mariner, Pornic quite naturally became the *Portus Secor* of Ptolemy and Marcien, so that its topographical importance is evident.

But its topological importance appears to me hardly less certain, and it is in reference to this importance that I spoke of it as an excellent case of the elegant 'Law of Bérard.' Examine the map. This port of Pornic, which comes so happily to break the sandy or marshy monotony of the western seaboard of Gaul, and which is, moreover, as we have seen, an ideal and safe port for small sailing vessels, has also the advantage of being near the mouth

of the Loire and of *Portus Namnetum*, Nantes, the emporium of the Veneti. But in order to reach this great port by boat, not only had the Phœnician captain a long course ahead of him, but also he had to run certain serious risks testing his skill in navigation. The seamen of these small craft, obliged to round the Point of St. Gildas, would have before them the strong currents and the tides at the mouth of the great river of the Loire. And why face these dangers and waste this time when, by running into Pornic, they might find perfect, almost familiarly Hellenic, shelter, safe anchorage and a pleasant strand, whence, once their vessels were unloaded, the cargo could be easily transported by the little river of La Haute Perche, well into the heart of the Region of Retz, and thence quite simply and expeditiously to Nantes, where they commanded, by the Loire, all the markets of the interior of Gaul? The Phœnician coasters must by instinct have applied 'Bérard's Law,' using the Region of Retz as a veritable isthmus to be traversed, rather than seeking any longer to tempt the uncertain sea.

The same law of the *traversed isthmus* applied to the land routes of the Peloponnesus leads to the most interesting discoveries. Where Strabo walked with halting gait, M. Bérard strides quite sure of himself, identifying sites with a happy facility which suggests that Hermes himself has kept him company. 'Give me a boat and twenty rowers,' says Telemachus at Ithaca; 'I mean to go to Sparta and to sandy Pylos for news of my father, Ulysses.' How did he go? Where was Pylos? It would be a pity to reply, for this would be to compromise the joy of the reader who follows in M. Bérard's work the brilliant and conclusive argument, supported by maps and pilot charts and reproduction of plates from the 'Expedition of the Morea,' leading up to his apparent challenge to the archæologists to verify his reasoning by setting their pickaxes at work in the splendid 'Mycenæan' ruins of Nestor's capital. For he has found that capital; and not only Pylos, but every detail of the journey he explains, proving, by the way, these portions of the Odyssey to be the work of a Court bard of the Neleid kings of Ionia.

Read, then, his Book III., entitled 'Kalypso,' in which he takes up the Odyssey properly speaking, the 'Return of Ulysses.' The *Odysseia* opens in the island of Kalypso, where Ulysses has been seven years in captivity. Had this island any real existence, or is it only a poetic fiction, a sailor's Utopia and

paradise? Everyone will recall the description. This ideal landing-place, so rich in springs of running water, provided secondly with one of those caverns which, as M. Bérard with the help of M. Maspero spends long pages in explaining, was a veritable boon to the primitive sailors in these waters; thirdly, a port, which is an *island port*, but a port of a small island that hugs the mainland, a state of things which a quantity of ingenious topologic considerations show to have been an essential element in a coasting trader's paradise; and fourthly, a verdant isle where, too, there is a look-out whence to dominate the pirate-haunted sea. All these characteristics make, indeed, a virtual mariner's paradise; and when such a site as this is known to the sailor you may be sure he will give it a name. Now, in the deepest strata of the Mediterranean civilisation what philological fossils can we find showing traces of a Semitic pre-Hellenic thalassocracy, which would have noted just such characteristics as these recorded in the *Odyssey*? There are, for instance, the three names, *nīs* (hawk), *megara* (cavern), and *'in* (spring): and on the coast of Greece, Megara, with its port of Nisa and its goddess Ino (the White Goddess), has all along puzzled historians because of the inexplicable commercial importance which it held centuries before Athens came to the fore. Why and how, no one had known. From a Greek point of view, Megara never played any rôle whatever, yet the Greeks attest that once it had been mistress of the seas. What is the meaning of this pre-Hellenic grandeur? Fifty learned but fascinating pages by M. Bérard are required to give the grounds of this answer, namely, that Megara was a Phœnician emporium, a native bazaar, visited by Phœnicians who embarked at Nisa; and topology confirms the argument drawn from the presence on this coast of such an abundance of Greco-Semitic doubles.

But while Megara, with its cavern, its springs, its sea-birds, its harbours, presents all the characteristics of the Homeric paradise of the island of Kalypso, and is haunted by the memory of Phœnician sailors, it is, after all, only a typical site, just the sort of place, in a word, for which the great primitive sea-power of the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians, were always on the look-out. The particular sailor's paradise vaunted in the *Odyssey* is, on the other hand, as definitely localised as it is faithfully described.

'Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὴν νῆσον ἀφίκετο τηλόθ' ἰοῦσαν,' says the text, and it adds that the island of Kalypso is inhabited by the daughters

of the pernicious Atlas, who knows the abysses of the whole sea, and who alone possesses the high columns reared 'twixt sky and earth. Apply, with M. Bérard, Helbig's well-known principle of the essential precision of the Homeric epithet, and control the result by the ingenious methods of topology. The consequence will be the identification of the island of Peregil, the African Algésiras, with Kalypso, an island that originally, no doubt, bore the name of Ispania (the Semitic root *sapan* is the exact equivalent of *καλύπτω*). With the downfall of the Phœnician hegemony in the Mediterranean this island ceased to be frequented, and the name *Ispania* floating, so to say, in the Straits of Gibraltar, was transferred to the continent, where, as at Gibraltar, the caverns riddle the coast. M. Bérard thinks, for good reasons, which he develops at length, that the Latin versifier, Avienus, who translated the 'Periegesis' of Dionysius, and who describes in similar terms the coast and island at this point, may have used for his documentation the same Phœnician log-book as did the poet of the *Odyssey*. The Carthaginian Himilco repeated for Avienus what his predecessor had already related for the writer of the *Odyssey*. For there can be no doubt as to the Phœnician origin of the authority that served in the description of Peregil in the *Odyssey*. The Achæans never went so far as the Pillars of Hercules. They had no knowledge of the island of Kalypso, whereas the existence of the Phœnician thalassocracy can be proved in detail. Of this no open-minded reader of M. Bérard's work can for a moment have any doubt. The study of Phœnician sea-power proves that the *Odyssey* is acquainted with the naval exploits of the Sidonians. The poem serves to explain Phœnician navigation, and inversely this navigation alone can account for a thousand facts with which the *Odyssey* is contemporaneous. In Eastern waters and in the Archipelago the same Greco-Semitic doublets, which M. Bérard indicates in the *Odyssey*, are to be found pretty much everywhere. Strabo, after all, is M. Bérard's master, for he said: 'If Homer described so accurately the region both of the Inner and Outer Sea, it is because he had his science from the Phœnicians.' And the French topologist has shown that the *Odyssey* is subsequent to a vanished Phœnician sea-power, and that the speech, the habits and the ideas of Homeric sailors preserved multiple traces of Levantine influence. But he goes still further, and professes to prove that the entire *Odyssey* is mainly a witness of this Phœnician influence, that

Phœnician pilot charts were its source, and that the author of this Greek work was a disciple of the Sidonian geographers.

These three or four instances of M. Bérard's method, and of the results which he claims can be reached by it, have unfortunately had to be indicated only in the barest form. They are intended by the writer of this article merely to awaken curiosity in a book in which a remarkable erudition has been put at the service of one of the most brilliantly-endowed temperaments that modern scholarship possesses. Common sense, ingenuity and imagination, and, I may add, the plucky daring that characterised the Revolution generals of M. Bérard's own French province, have enabled this scholar and traveller to steer his bark gaily across the floating sargasso sea of weedy erudition which, under the name of archæology and philology, encumbers the great open ocean of science. His topologic compass keeps his prow true. In science, as in morals, an act is known by its fruits, and no book in the long literature of Homeric controversy, nor yet any on the origins of modern history, has been so rich in suggestive ideas and in workable hypotheses as 'The Phœnicians and the Odyssey,' by M. Victor Bérard. It is the most brilliant justification of the principle that a right method makes the essential difference between science and sciolism. To state his entire thought, the writer of these notes does not hesitate to declare that this book is a sort of *novum organon* for Greek scholars, and there would seem to be good reason for hope that subsequent investigations will show that, whatever M. Bérard's errors of detail or of hasty generalisation, their list will compare very favourably for him with those that merely roughen here and there the surface of the monument reared by Bacon. To have furnished Röntgen rays to the philologist, the archæologist and the historian is no less creditable a task than to have published a *vade mecum* for devotees of the physical sciences.

W. M. FULLERTON.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

X. FROM BRIGHTON.

I OUGHT perhaps to apologise for the use of the term Provincial in connection with any place so intimately at the centre of civilisation as Brighton, or, as its local press loves to call it, London-super-mare. But a general heading must not be pressed against every particular that comes under it, and I can assure my Brighton friends that, if it had been convenient to write a series of Capital Letters, Brighton should have occupied an honoured place among them. And yet Brighton was not always a capital city, a little London. A hundred years ago it was a small fishing village, whose only title to fame was that it had sheltered King Charles on the night before he crossed over to Fécamp, after the defeat at Worcester. Its historical associations are now more closely linked with our second merry monarch. And there are those who keep a tender place in their memory, quite undeserved, I admit, for the Brighton of the Georges, who cannot bring themselves to take a grain of interest in the everlasting and invertebrate Regent Street, and Portland Place, of Victoria and Edward. There lies before me a picture of the Steyne as it was at a happy moment in 1805. The Steyne, as all the world knows, was the wide grass promenade, lying east of the Pavilion (as the Prince of Wales's Chinese Palace was called), and stretching to the sea, on which all the rank and fashion of St. Brightelm's town used to meet and promenade, before there was any King's Road along the seashore. Nothing could well be more captivating than this picture with its suggestion of fine manners. To begin with, the costumes of both men and women are elegant and graceful, whereas those of to-day, at least those of the men, are unqualifiable. The mere fact that we wear trousers stamps us as barbarians. I have never been surprised at the zeal with which some of the clergy seek the offices of bishop or dean or archdeacon, because I have recognised that such office carries with it the inestimable privilege of discarding this obnoxious garment. But that is by the way. I was saying that anyone who looks at this

old print cannot fail to be fascinated with its ease and charm. There is the Prince himself, sitting his horse with princely grace, and exchanging a word on the weather with his Master of the Household, Major Bloomfield. Near them walks the Duke of Grafton, leaning upon his staff. The Earls of Clermont, Berkeley, and Craven lend tone to various groups in the picture; Sir John Lade, the Prince's driving tutor, talks to Mr. Treves; the Bishop of St. Asaph and Mr. Wilberforce represent religion, Mr. Mellish and others the sporting interest, and Martha Gunn, in the remote corner, indicates the supreme purpose of bathing which has brought all this rank and fashion together. Now how did these children of the golden world fleet the time, before there were any shops and piers and aquariums? Of course they bathed; and much more heroically than we do now. We learn, for instance, from Miss Burney's Diary, that she and Mrs. Thrale bathed at six o'clock on a November morning by the pale blink of the moon. For the rest they walked at certain fashionable hours on the Steyne; played cards at the so-called 'Libraries'; drove to Lewes or to 'Rottendean'; danced in the evening at the Castle Inn assembly or went to the play; and invented all the time ingenious occasions for betting. The thorough seriousness of their frivolity will be best understood by the record of it from day to day in the Court News of the London journals, some passages from which I proceed to give for the year 1806. Let us begin with the Prince's birthday:

August 12.—Nearly five thousand people are assembled near the camp, scrambling for the roast beef, which flies in every direction. Eight hogsheads of ale are on the ground. 'Long live the prince' echoes from every quarter. A proportionate quantity of bread is also distributed to the multitude. The Pavilion is surrounded with gentlemen and ladies; the Masters Fitz-Clarence are at Mrs. Fitz-Herbert's,¹ where they have a juvenile party; they are lovely boys, and for their age highly accomplished; the Prince is extremely fond of them.

July 31.—The Steyne last night was fuller than at any preceding time this season. Mr. Mellish, Mr. Burke, Mr. Derby, and Mr. Crampton laid bets on leaping over handkerchiefs, rails, &c. Mr. Crampton was the hero; but much as he excelled, it was nothing to the leap he made at Harrogate from the ball-room into the very high orchestra. Mr. Harke made a match to run a given distance with Mr. Mellish, giving Mr. Mellish five yards, and Mr. Harke won. There were many matches between boys, supported by gentlemen. The Earl and Countess

¹ Mrs. Fitz-Herbert's house was on the west side of the Steyne; it is now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Berkeley, the Earl and Countess of Barrymore,¹ and Sir John and Lady Lade were among the spectators.

August 5.—The Steyne is very dull to-day; we have not been gratified with the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Earl of Barrymore will entertain a select party to dinner this evening. The sporting Mr. Clark is still here; he has taken lodgings in George Street, and on going up to view the ante-chamber got jammed in the staircase, which is very narrow, and it was with much difficulty he could be extricated, to the great amusement of his brother sportsmen.

At six o'clock His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales walked on the Steyne in company with Sir John Lade, the Earl of Barrymore, and Mr. Crampton, who jumped over the rails, over the Earl of Barrymore's horse, and finished with a somerset in which he hurt his ankle.

August 7.—There is a gentleman here of much eccentricity of dress and manners. He wears a green coat, very short, and very full-plaited sleeves, green pantaloons, boots, and a whip in his hand. His whiskers meet under his chin, his hair very highly powdered, and a round hat fixed on the side of his head; and with the dress I have described sometimes wears a large cocked hat, bound with broad gold lace. He appears about thirty years of age, his name is said to be Cope, and with all his eccentricity of appearance looks like a gentleman; he is always alone, walks slow, and stops and looks at every lady he passes. We cannot call him the courteous stranger, as he never honours us even with a smile. If notoriety be his object, he has fully succeeded, as the windows are filled with ladies whenever he passes.

August 13.—The Grand Ball at the Castle Tavern last night was one of the most splendid which was ever witnessed. At eleven o'clock His Royal Highness entered the ball-room. The ball was opened by Lord Petersham and the beautiful Miss Goldsmid. The prevailing costume was silver tissue, and the head dresses folded in the Grecian style. The comb, with the Prince's plume and the motto *Ich Dien*, was universal. At two o'clock His Royal Highness and the whole Prince's party returned to the Pavilion, where much mirth and good humour continued until a late hour this morning.

August 17.—Mr. Cope at four o'clock walked on the Steyne; he wore a huge cocked hat with gold tassels. He was surrounded with company, who expressed their surprise at the size of his hat; when he answered that he was then performing a different character from that of the preceding day. He is the gaze of Brighton.

Tuesday morning a deputation of the inhabitants of the town presented the following address to the Prince, to which every shareholder of note had previously most cheerfully subscribed his name:—

'To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

'We, the Ministers,² High Constable, Churchwardens, Overseers, and principal Inhabitants of the Town of Brighthelmstone, with the most grateful

¹ Lord Barrymore and his brother, affectionately known to the Prince's circle as Hellgate and Cripplegate, the latter having a club foot, are the heroes of many mad stories. Lady Lade, from her skill in blasphemy, was called Billingsgate.

² This document bears internal evidence of clerical composition, being plainly modelled on the address preserved in *Acts xv*. The Vicars of Brighton

recollection of the many gracious instances of Your Royal Highness's patronage conferred upon us, to which alone are to be attributed that prosperity and those advantages unfelt by, and unknown to, any other Provincial Town, most humbly approach Your Royal Highness to express the dutiful and thankful sentiments which this recollection inspires, and more particularly calls forth on the anniversary of this day. While we entreat Your Royal Highness to accept these our humble acknowledgments and congratulations, we devoutly implore the Supreme Disposer of all events to preserve a life so invaluable to us, to whom your immediate protection is so liberally dispensed, and so dear and important in its general consequences to the nation at large.'

His Royal Highness received the address with that urbanity and polite condescension which so happily mark his character, accompanied with a gracious intimation that he would still continue to honour the port of Brighton with his august presence, patronage, and regard.

October 2.—Last night the *elegantes*, attracted by the serenity of the weather and the beams of the moon, which played beautifully bright on the undulating ocean, promenaded the Steyne to a very late hour. The calmness of to-day and the dulcet notes of the military bands bid fair to hold out a similar invitation for the present evening. The Jerusalem ponies have been in high requisition all the morning; not only the young misses, but the valetudinarians of the hardier sex, seem to consider it no degradation to take their airings on those patient quadrupeds.

The Green Man, who has entertained us so long with innocent absurdities, has effectually confirmed what before, from the singularity of his costume and the incoherence of his conversation, could be scarcely doubted. It seems this harmless though unfortunate maniac, for so he really proves to be, leaped yesterday out of a window, and soon afterwards over the cliff. The rumour is that, in a fit of phrenzy, he fancied there was a serious riot, and that his immediate presence was essentially necessary to quell the disturbance; acting under the influence of such worthy motives his derangement and the consequences are the more to be deplored. He is reported to have sustained some severe contusions, but his life is not considered in danger.

The innocent diversions of beauty and fashion, which these few extracts from a contemporary press summon up vividly before us, were brought to an end by the arrival of the London and Brighton railway, carrying the great and serious middle class. I propose to conclude this letter with some passages from a diary of this present week lent me by a friend, which will place the old and the new interests in clear contrast. But to prevent the reader's feelings receiving too sudden a shock, I will make here, by way of buffer, a few remarks upon the practice of sea-bathing. So far as Brighton is concerned, it was first prescribed by Dr. Russell

up to this date had been mainly noted for their longevity; five successive vicars having held the living for, on the average, more than half a century a-piece. The Vicar in 1806 was the Rev. Robert James Carr, whose patriotism was presently rewarded by the Deanery of Hereford, and later by the Bishoprics of Chichester and Worcester.

of Lewes as a cure for glandular disorders, the patient's body being previously prepared for immersion by drinking sea-water. Dr. Russell's picture by Zoffany is in the town collection, and his name is borne by one of the streets running into the King's Road, in which his house stood. The bathing machine was at once invented in its ideal perfection.¹ The process of bathing was conducted by functionaries called bathers and dippers, those male, these female. Of the bathers the most celebrated was Smoaker, whose real name seems to have been John Miles; the most celebrated of the dippers was Martha Gunn. Both these professional persons seem to have been much attached to His Royal Highness, as certain anecdotes testify. There is, for instance, a tragi-comic story of the Prince's holding Martha in conversation by the palace kitchen fire till a pat of butter was melted which he had seen her pocket. Then there is Smoaker's refusal on one occasion to let the Prince bathe, even offering to box him if he persisted:—'I aren't agoen' to let the King hang me for letten the Prince of Wales drown hisself; not I, to please nobody. I can tell 'e.' Another story tells how, when the Prince was ill, Smoaker walked to London, and called to enquire at Carlton House. This was a striking instance of the Prince's popularity at Brighton; which was indeed so great that when, two generations later, Mr. Thackeray proposed to give his lectures upon the Four Georges at the Pavilion, which had then become the property of the town, permission was refused him. I proceed to append a few extracts from my friend's diary:

December 31, 1902.—We came down here this afternoon. Our method of living at seaside places has perhaps an element of madness in it. The method has relation to the object in view, which is complete release both from household cares and the pleasures of society. Hotel life secures the first half of the desired end, but not the second; lodgings secure the second, but not the first. Our usual compromise, therefore, is the French method of a private lodging with meals at a restaurant. But the lodging question itself is usually one of some difficulty. To ask a resident friend to provide rooms would be to

¹ Mr. J. G. Bishop, in his book called *A Peep into the Past*, quotes the following description from 'a writer about 1770':—'The bathing machine is a wooden box about double the size of those of the sentries in St. James's Park. It is raised on high wooden wheels. The bather ascends into it from the beach by several wooden steps,' &c.

announce one's arrival and so destroy the sense of absolute disengagement; and our method of taking the principal watering-places round the coast in geographical order prevents our establishing those intimate relations with landladies which go to mitigate the severity of life in lodgings. Our habit is, therefore, to deposit our effects in the cloak-room of the railway station, and go in search of the nearest dairy. My wife argues with great insight that a clean person, as a dairyman must be, will be scrupulous about the cleanliness of his acquaintance. Hence lodgings kept by the friends of a dairyman will possess the first virtue of lodgings. This practical rule has, I am bound to say, generally worked satisfactorily, except so far as sanitary considerations are concerned, and they would naturally be beyond a dairyman's purview. On this occasion we are fortunate in finding rooms in a house where we lodged twelve years ago; the landlady is the same and remembers us; the cook also is the same, and we remember her. The furniture is much the same; a practicable sofa, fairly practicable arm-chairs, a pier-glass of the Regency: an ebonised what-not of the sunflower epoch, a clock that perhaps 'went' at our last visit, but goes no longer; and a few Landseer prints; but advancing civilisation discovers itself in the electric light. From the window the sea looks much the same, and is making just the same noise. I confess the noise is always a fresh surprise to me.

January 1, 1903.—It was foggy when we rose to pay our new year's vows: but the sun quickly asserted himself and the day has left nothing to be desired in the way of good omen. Perhaps the sun put me in good humour with my kind, but certainly the people I have met in the course of the day strike me as a credit to the nation. There is very little of that flamboyancy in dress that I remember in old days; there was hardly a 'buck' or 'dandy' to be seen, and the ladies—even those who sit outside the Metropole Hotel to be seen of men—seem content with a 'suit of sable.' Part of the explanation is, I think, that the Universities are down and the schools in vacation, and a sprinkling of our demure undergraduates, with a considerable posse of parents, sets the general tone of quiet good breeding, which is so noticeable. I was even struck with the good manners of the 'Professor,' who gave a lecture upon diving at the pier-head, illustrated by experiments. It cannot be easy to address an audience from a spring-board in a bathing dress, and it must be difficult to speak at all when all the facial organs are running with sea-water; but our Professor acquitted himself excellently without any false airs and graces. At least so it seemed to me, but the sun may have got in my eyes. Superior persons jeer at the title of Professor, but I think I should like to bear it; provided I professed a recognised science in a recognised University. There is a grave decorum about the word that pleases; only its association with

hair-cutting and legermain and poetry has undoubtedly a little soiled it. My respected acquaintance Mr. Booker Washington, who has done so much for the education of negroes, is the subject of a story which throws a grim light on the degradation of the word in the United States. Two New York citizens were discussing his settlement, and one asked the other how he treated him if they happened to meet. 'I shake hands, and say, How d'ye do, Mr. Washington?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I can't bring myself to call a nigger *Mister*; I just say, Good morning, *Professor*.' I wish all professors who address meetings would emulate our professor of the pier-head and develop as satisfactory a wind-chest. One could see the bellows working fifty yards off.

My first general impression, then, this morning was as to the civility of the visitors; my second was as to the vast number of second-hand furniture shops. This might be expected in a town consisting largely of lodging-houses; only the furniture exhibited in these shops is not of the sort that embellishes any 'apartments' I have ever stayed in. Nothing seems to be marketable here but cabinets and chairs by Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam, Heppelwhite, or (I must add) their modern imitators. It seems remarkable that people should buy substantial furniture when out for a holiday; and with London only seventy-five minutes distant; perhaps they do so in the last days of their sojourn out of sheer *ennui*. Of that I shall be a better judge later.

January 2.—The sun has not reappeared to-day, and a stiff south-wester is blowing. The cabmen do their best to bestow their horses behind the shelters on the parade, and bestow themselves inside their cabs. A few enthusiasts who have come for sea air and mean to get it are being blown along the front. *Nos peiores* are content to take air tonic is less heroic doses.

Meantime, the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.

I find in the lodgings a history of the old Chain-pier, which seems to have been destroyed in a gale on December 4, 1896. I could not have thought anything so pedestrian as a pier was capable of inspiring such affection as palpitates through these pages. Perhaps, then, there are persons who entertain a passion for the Thames Embankment, or, more analogously, for Hammersmith Bridge. I learn that the pier, the first of its kind, was built by Captain, afterwards Sir Samuel, Brown, of the Royal Navy, who had served with distinction in the French war, that it was begun in 1823, and completed in a twelvemonth, and that it cost 80,000*l*. I am myself more taken with what the author relates of the human interest attaching to the structure, and note with pleasure a list of the distinguished visitors who in the three-quarters of a century

that it breasted the waves, have 'for the sum of twopence gone out to sea and paced its vast deck (as Mr. Thackeray says), without need of a steward with a basin.' Among them are the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, the late Shah of Persia, the late Queen Isabella of Spain, Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone on more than one occasion (on one of these occasions it is recorded that the great Liberal statesman was weighed, and turned the scale at 12 st. 9 lbs.), Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, Lord Palmerston, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and Mr. G. A. Sala. Who would not give a penny for the thoughts of each of these great men as he gazed seaward, and 'watched,' as Mr. Thackeray says again, 'the sun setting in splendour over Worthing, or illuminating with its rising glories the ups and downs of Rottingdean?' But our pennies must now be content to remain in our pockets, even as our twopences must—unless we go on the modern pier and drop them into the long line of slots which gape to receive them.

We lunched at Mutton's—savoury, old-world name. There are many caterers now in Brighton for the sea-sharpened appetite, but only Mutton's seems to possess the old-world type of head waiter, who meets you with a smile and takes a personal and sympathetic interest in your wants. Too many eating-houses have women-waiters. A woman-waiter is in place in an A. B. C. shop, because women understand tea, at least I know a few who do. But the gastronomy of luncheon is Greek to most women, as one may see any day at the Army and Navy Stores. I hate to have my carefully chosen meal brought me by a person who, to judge by her manner, would as lief have brought me anything else. Even more obnoxious are the Swiss and German waiters which so-called 'restaurants' affect. They bring you your victuals with an air which says 'I am here in England for two years to learn your debased language and recover as much as I can of your stolen wealth, and then I will insult you from a safer distance.'

January 3.—This afternoon I achieved a certain minimum of exercise, but the rain soon drove me into shelter. Fortunately I was near the Dome and took the opportunity of inspecting the new Municipal Buildings. How would the great founder of Brighton, George the Fourth, have stared if he had been told the town would grow big enough to need a public library and staid enough to care to possess one! As far as I could judge, the books seemed excellently chosen, and the arrangements for housing and borrowing are of the most modern. The picture gallery cannot hope, at any rate so soon, to attain equal success in its own line. There are at present too many pictures of George the Fourth, and too many mayors of the borough. But a well-known Sussex painter, Mr. La Thangue, is well represented; and there are some good water-colours and mezzotints.

From the Municipal Buildings I made my way under an umbrella to the Aquarium, now, as I learn, the property of the Corporation. How curious it is that Aquaria should endeavour to combine such diverse interests as they generally do. No one expects to find a circus at the Zoological Society's Garden in Regent's Park; but perhaps it is because fish are bloodless that the contemplation of them is felt by many people to need supplementing by human gymnastics. But surely in this way the mental and moral, as apart from the merely scientific, use of an aquarium is defeated. Nothing is so soothing to overwrought nerves as to watch the silver fish silently and smoothly gliding through their watery element; 'without haste,' as the poet says, 'and without rest' and also apparently without effort and without care. Of course I recognise that this air of happy peace is produced by segregating each species by itself; but that is only to say that an aquarium is a work of art, like poetry. I would not advise the patient whose nerves needed the soothing influence I have described to visit the Aquarium at feeding time, any more than I should advise him to visit a poet in his own home. When I heard that the Westminster Aquarium had been purchased by the Wesleyan Methodists, I confess I wished it had been secured by the Society of Friends; for they would have found 'the incommunicable muteness' of the fishes a powerful stimulus, if the word is not out of place, to the tranquillity of their devotions.

January 5.—In the King's Road this morning I ran against X., who was, I knew, playing the good-natured husband and keeping his wife company during a course of treatment under 'Doctor Brighton.' But when I met him he was evidently suffering from a good deal of suppressed human nature; and proceeded to denounce that 'kind, cheerful, merry' physician as a quack and impostor. 'Come to the Aquarium,' I said; 'have you seen the fish lately?' I proceeded to explain the soothing effect exercised on the nerves by the placid motion of the fish in their quiet tanks. But my friend looked dangerous, so I changed the subject and suggested a walk. 'Where can we walk,' was the reply, 'shut in as we are between the Devil's Dyke and the deep sea?' He added, with some heat, 'Please don't suggest Rottingdean, "once the residence of our Imperial Poet."' 'No,' I said, 'I suggest Lewes; it is only eight miles east across the downs; the wind will blow us there, and we can take the train back.'

I need not describe Lewes; its praise may be read in all the Sussex guide-books. But to be seen as it deserves, it must be seen from the Castle mound. As one looks down upon its clustering red roofs, or on to the hills that surround it, or watches the Ouse winding its slow way to the sea, one is grateful to whoever spared enough of the old Castle to provide so magnificent a prospect. Within the Castle rooms is a museum that bears witness to the catholic tastes of the veteran

Sussex Archæological Society. Here are to be seen ancient cannon, ancient canoes, ancient tapestry (for some reason labelled 'fire-backs'), brass rubbings, flints, man-traps and spring-guns, wax-seals, an Elizabethan chair, a copy of the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb, the earliest known Sussex plough, a mummy, Sussex pottery, and innumerable other objects of such variety as to keep the mind nimble in leaping from one to another. The most interesting, and the most likely to be overlooked, is an inscription in an eighteenth-century script on a brass plate fixed above the door leading out on to the roof. It seems to express the mingled hope and doubt with which the first lightning-conductor, as recommended by Dr. Franklin, was fixed by the local authority:

'Protection from Lightning. This simple rod of iron will in any direction to the distance of Twelve Hundred Yards from itself Secure Persons and Property from its direful effects!'

New principle Vane in friction Balls.
Erected without date or name
To blast its Folly or record its Fame.

The Priory of St. Pancras, which lay in the valley to the south, the first priory in England sent out from the famous Abbey of Clugny, has a certain length of wall remaining, but not much of interest. After the dissolution it fell to the share of Thomas Cromwell, who made havoc of it altogether. Archæologists have to thank the railway which sacrilegiously runs through what was its chapter-house for bringing to light its most interesting relic; indeed, one of the most interesting discoveries of the nineteenth century—namely, the leaden cists containing the bones of the founders of the priory, William de Warrenne and his wife Gundrada, daughter of William the Conqueror. Curiously enough Gundrada's tomb had already been recovered. In 1775 Dr. Clark, the rector of Buxted, noticed that a tomb of one of the Shirleys in Isfield Church was propped up by a slab of black marble which bore an inscription on its under surface. This proved on investigation to be the lid of the tomb of Gundrada; of which the Shirley of the period had become possessed by lawful or unlawful means. Now the two leaden coffins and the marble tombstone are preserved in a new Norman chapel specially built to receive them on the south side of Southover Church, close to the ruins of the priory, out of which the church was re-edified. When we were shown into the *sacellum* by the clerk my friend shivered as with an ague. 'It is nothing,' he said, 'new Norman Gothic always affects me in this way; Early English or Perpendicular I am not specially susceptible to, but—I don't know how it is—new Norman work quite unmans me.' Luckily there was nothing to detain us in the chapel after we had

viewed the inscriptions on the leaden coffins, and on the marble. The first two lines of Gundrada's inscription are interesting :

*Stirps Gundrada ducum, decus evi, nobile germen,
Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsama morum.*

The 'balsam of morals' is a good phrase which I should like to commend to a noble lady of to-day who has undertaken the reform of all the English churches.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

A SLAVE IN AFRIQUE.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE PAPERS OF SIR RICHARD HASTINGS, VENTURER AND
SOLDIER UNDER HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II.

A GREAT sound—it seemed no more—shocked upon our ship, and the world went out in a cloud of red splinters.

I found myself in the waves, but not sinking, wedged against somewhat which lifted itself and me with it. And at the first I could see only a green heave of water wherein a little coil of blood unwound itself and was lost. Then I caught at the thing which upheld me, and half turned, to see a great golden face staring blankly past me to the sky. 'Twas the carved *Victory* on our prow, the which had been rent away by the cannon shot, and I lay pressed between her wing and outspread arm, while the death of battle and the sea reached for me above and below. In a daze I lay, not knowing fear, then grew suddenly aware that the Dutch and English were still thundering at each other as before I fell—a lifetime ago which was not five beats of the clock.

I drew myself higher in my place, and ever the wide golden eyes stared past me unwinking at shifting smoke and still heavens. A child's terror of the great dead face touched me, and then a man's reasoning fear, wherein I knew myself mortal and in mortal peril. Therewith the battle broke upon me again, as a fight waged in air, so far it was above. Dutch or my own English, which should triumph? I sank till all I could see or feel was a choking wash of salt; I was borne up and looked across a plain of warring waters to the hulls of the ships, which plunged and shuddered, and from clouds of angry smoke dropped spars and dead men into the sea. Above and still above were the panting sails and little rents of colour which were the flags; it dizzied me to look so high, yet up there was conflict. And the ships reeled over, sliding as though the water, like their own decks, had been slippery with blood; and the white cliffs of the Foreland shook

in the shaking smoke till I wondered idly if the cannon shot were prevailing against them.

A ship was fired—Dutch, surely Dutch—and the others drew from her aslant while she spouted flame, the gold on her carvings gleaming red till the smoke took it. Two were locked together as men who grapple for mastery. Then the noise which had no more any meaning, the shots at hand, the smoke and wayward flame which circled all the distance, drew together and over me. The *Victory* still stared and pointed, but my senses were swallowed up.

Life came again in a struggle to lift my head from the stifling water. I was drifted so close under the lee of a vessel that I sent out my voice in a cry for help ere I bethought me how little one voice could do in that manifold outcry, or one life count in a struggle of two nations. So near I was that I grew assured the sucking of the ship's passing must draw me down to my death, yet so oppressed with bewildered sickness that the fear moved me little. My gaze travelled dumbly up the ship's side, noting great gaps, and how the railing of the galleries was splintered, and how a spar hung loose in its cordage like to a broken arm. Faces of men looked out on me, sailors and gentlemen, all grown alike in the fierce fixed gaze wherewith they watched an oncoming enemy which I could only see in their eyes.

Strange thoughts slid through me as I lay and waited death. The sights about me grew to be pictures, and I remembered how, had it been fitting for a man of my station, I would fain have chosen a painter's life. The shots and driven flames brought to mind the lights and drum roll of a great masque at Whitehall, and my memory went drifting through all the past.

A shot screamed over me, so close that I shrank. Another, and the smoke above me was torn apart, and I saw with strange clearness the faces of two on the poop. I knew them, for I had seen the admirals ere we set sail. One, with the square strong countenance, restless, with working jaw, was Albemarle, the restorer of the King. The other face was like fine wrought bronze, and the eyes seemed to see all the battle and all battles. That was Prince Rupert, little known or loved at Court, but summoned forth by conflict as a ghost of old wars. For a moment in my brain sickness I seemed to think a leader's thoughts. Then the *Victory* stirred beneath me, and death closed over me, salt and still.

When next life tugged at me I was very loth to come back, for I had gone so far into death and the waters as that I seemed to have all but gone beyond. The first I knew was a stir of light which wearied my eyelids and a heavy odour in the air which seemed to mean pain. I dragged myself half up and looked for the wide eyes and carven smile of the *Victory*, but in place thereof I saw a confusion of ropes, casks, and the like, half revealed and half hid in the flicker of the torch which a man held above me. My battered body ached cruelly, so I sank back and stared in a mute question at the swarthy face. I was safe, yet I could not feel safe, for the glance which met mine was a slow cold measuring such as we bend on a thing of use and barter, not the gaze of man to man. I strove to frame some question in words, and he answered to me in Spanish, of which I caught only the sound. Then he turned from me, pointing above with a gesture I understood not, and I was left to gather up my senses as I might.

Lying so, I became aware of a sound which had been about me from the first, a creaking groan which was not the straining of the ship—I was most surely on a ship. This was more measured and beat time to our movement, as though one heard the laboured pulse of the vessel with every onward stride. Suddenly I knew and my heart too set up a laboured leap, though I did not yet understand why the discovery should so move me. I had travelled, as became one of my quality, and at Marseilles had been aboard a Spanish galley. This was a galley which had saved me, doubtless after long drifting, and I heard the sweep of the oars which urged her on. Once again I scanned the place where I lay; 'twas a long apartment formed, as I at length made out, by the middle cabin and the cabin of the prow thrown in one, and it was heaped with all manner of stores and martial munitions. Blankets were spread in one part, as though the sailors slept there, and on one of these I had been flung. More than this I could not descry, so lay staring into the dim and heaving light and wondered when I should regain England. I must reward my rescuers—that was plain—and at that thought I noted that I was half stripped. Rousing myself I sat up in a fevered search—not a gaud nor a piece of money was left me—the rings were gone from my hands. A chill fear trailed over me and was gone before I could body it to myself in words. The panting creak of the oars sounded louder and smote me with a menace.

How long I lay thus I could not tell, but the slow swing of the ship was in my blood and brain ere the man came again to my side with food and wine of a sort on which I fell greedily. As I ate he eyed me and spoke ere I had well finished. I was to come, so much I at length made out of his oft-repeated words: I was to join the *ciurma*—the *ciurma*—what then? The meaning leaped on me as the waters had leaped to engulf me—the gang, the gang of galley slaves. I sprang up, afoam with protest and prayer and cursing. Hands gripped me, hands felled me, hands dragged me out and chained me down in hell.

From that time was neither life nor death nor day nor night—only blanks of grey light and gold and darkness pricked with fire and a rage of labour and despair. There were things beside me shaped like men, which snarled and groaned and were silent, straining at the oar. There was one walked the gangway above us between the rows of crouching slaves, with his shrill silver whistle for ever at his lips, so the note grew one with the sting of the whip he wielded.

After a space these things blurred into a swoon of sound, and the oar was moving me, swinging me back and forward in my place while I talked with a perfumed gentleman who was leaning against the rail of the *Folly*, the King's ship moored on the Thames near Whitehall. That day on the *Folly* was my first trial of the water, and the faint swaying turned me dizzy. One called for wine, and a sop of bread soaked therein was thrust into my mouth; I could not take it myself, for while I leaned on the rail of the *Folly* my hands were somewhere far below pulling the vessel for ever through water which was not clean, but smelt of sweat and blood.

The lash of the *comito* curled about my shoulders and I awoke. The man thrust another sop of bread between my lips, and bade me in the bastard Spanish I had begun to understand to fall to my work if I would not be thrust down into the hold. That meant, I knew, to live or die as I might in the sick green water which washed about there. I could not face the foulness and gripped my oar again.

I did not die. Life festered in me as the manacles festered in my flesh. For I, being, it may be, suspected of rebellious intents, was treated with the uttermost harshness, not being permitted, as were some of the wretched captives, to leave the bench at times, fettered only by the wrists. I was clamped to

my place by an iron ring about my waist. The galley, I soon learned, was a Barbary pirate, though manned in part by renegade Spaniards. The slaves, my fellows, were of all races, and, as I deem, of all degrees. I felt for them at first a shuddering pity, soon changed to loathing and hatred as they set up mine own shame and misery before me in a manifold mirror from which I could not turn away.

I divined little of all that went on about me, for I had been new to the life of even our own ships when I set forth on a fatal folly of seeing battles for myself. Yet I know we bore ruin where we went. Often we gave chase to some hapless merchantman, our fierce, forward-pointing guns pursuing her with threats till we came up alongside, it might be; and then followed a lustful hour of seizure; then flight, full-gorged, and another prey. In my ears now are the mingled yells and wails, which were yet one cry, tearing through the very flesh that heard—who had a heart yet remaining to hear. And things I remember I would forget: how once the body of a girl child was flung across our oar shafts, and there hung, none of us being free to put it away, and the face turned to me.

Sometimes there would be as much fighting as rapine, and the guns from our forecastle would sound hollow and frequent. Then the answering shot perchance would crash down among us, freeing some, which, poor fools, knew no better than to welcome death with a shriek.

Again would be endless sailing to no end we could descry, while the skies shifted above and the splash of the driven water grew an agony not to be endured. Days of storm came, when the lash of the wind outstung the driver's whip, when the tortured vessel strained to die and could not, being a slave like us. Days of calm there were when our fevered breath clung round us, and death silently laid hand on one and one, yet called not me. I, meantime, laughed to myself for sight of the level Essex meadows of my home and the waters, cool and sweet as only English waters be, always, always within a hand's-breadth of my lips.

Once, looking up to the stars, which danced and gibbered—'tis folly to say the stars are still—I saw a shape traced there like a cross, the which had never been in my skies. That day I wept.

At length—how many suns had risen and set between I know not—came a time when our galley struck on an unseen rock. We were off the Afric coast, and put in at a desolate island, which

did offer naught save water and the flesh of wild goats. There the leak was roughly and all too scantily mended, and we made for the mouth of the Gambia for traffic or rapine, as might be. Yet, ere ever we reached it, the vessel on a sudden gave a shudder through all her length, and settled softly to one side like a wearied thing. Whereupon rose a distraction of trampling and cries. The *comito* rushed along the gangway striking off our chains, bidding us frenziedly to this work or that—we were sinking. I did not obey. Why should we not sink? I sat resting against my oar, which till then had never suffered me to rest, till I saw a stretched silver rim of water slip over the galley's side.

Death in the free waves seemed good to me. But death was not yet. As our ship went down and I was flung free of the choking swirl she made, the thought came to me of the sharks and other monstrous sea-creatures which infest southern waters. I struck out, swimming blindly, fearing the rescue of captivity as much as the perils of the sea. Hard by the coast we were; and at sight of firm land a desire of life laid hold on me, but not life at the oar. While thus I struggled in soul and body I heard a splash behind me. With the hunted slave's desire of covert I plunged, and saw a shadow slip across the sun-shot green above. Had I endured a space longer there below what long misery had been spared! But the need of breath mastered me, and I rose, gasping, to find black faces peering at me above the side of a shallow boat. There was no escape. In my heart I blasphemed against the God which had tossed me from one despair into another, and then prayed that same God for a speedy end.

The natives laid hold on me, talking the while in a strange tongue, clicking and muttering. I was bound with their loin-cloths and cast into the bottom of the boat, which then shot swiftly and deftly coastward. I drew my courage together. The chance of succour was not yet past; for along the Guinea coast came traders of many nations, and the Portuguese had set forts by the river's mouth. The Gambia—Gambia: whence did I know the name? Then I recalled old tales of Prince Rupert's adventures there—Prince Rupert, whose face, through the smoke of the sea-fight, had been my last vision as England dimmed from me. On these homeless shores the memory of that battle beckoned me with a cheer like that of mine own hearthstone. Death there had been friendly and familiar.

Into the river we came, and passed hard by a pinnace manned by Portuguese sailors. And I—I lay hidden with muffled mouth and heard their laughing shouts to my captors, saw home and hope and the common, priceless rights of life draw past me to the open sea. A rage stung in me—a resolve to outweary my evil destiny by endurance. Minute by minute I would bear what minute after minute should inflict; and I shut the eyes of my soul to the future as we drew up stream into the stranger country.

What had brought my barbarous masters to the coast I never knew. Trade belike, for the natives—so much I learned—held traffic of elephants' teeth and wax and ambergris against such goods as the white men brought. Or mayhap they were of a wandering tribe, for such there be among the Africans. Be it as it may, they bore me with them—destined slave or sacrifice, I knew not—far into the trackless wilds. Long we fared by water, then to the land, then to water again, moving endlessly along an earth-coloured flood in black-green abysses of leafage. I strove to take note of all, and for fantastical solace of my woes would devise tales of my return and of the wondrous discoveries I should unfold to the Royal Society.

Yet how could I name what I saw when all was alike alien, sweeping before me like a dream or some pageant of Eastern arras? By thickets of sworded reeds we passed, which gashed the unwary hand, by noisome swamps where the trees stood a-tiptoe from the foulness, lifted high on skeleton roots. And ever the river crawled beneath us, and strange beasts, horned and tusked, moved on its banks and beneath its current. More dreadful to me were the human shapes beside me—the black faces which leered and chattered over my despair. And yet they did not torment me, but fed me with plantains and nameless fruits and bore me still on and on. The unheeding sun glared on us, or, setting, flushed the sky with conquering colour and turned the river to a road of jewels which should have led to El Dorado; and the red rolling moon sucked the noxious vapours bred of the swamps, which must soon, I thought, bring fever and deliverance.

What time passed I could not reckon, but I know the moon waned—savage-like I grew to count thereby—and there came a season of darkness. 'Twas not the time of their tornadoes, yet a tempest such as I had not known the sky could hold broke on us. It struck the forest with its scythe, and the giant trees shrieked and fell, tearing with them the matted roof of green; it

struck the river, and the stream writhed and leaped like a beast of prey. The earth crumbled and grew liquid beneath it, and the air was solid with storm; and the lightning rent bare the heavens to their deeps.

When the fury was spent we might not essay the flooded river. By land we went—eastward, as I deem—though nor sun nor stars might be trusted where naught was real and stable to my sense. We were in the forests then, great beyond the measurement of thought, and great with cruelty. Oftentimes the trees shot up with never leaf nor blossom till they had reached their uttermost height, there mingling in a vault of gloom no sun could pierce. We walked darkling, yet there above was a miracle of blossom, for masses of the far-off flowers strewed all the ground with shattered colour. From the trees above hung mighty cords, thorny or twisted like to coils of wire. With one of these growing ropes my captors bound me as I stumbled on. Then again all was colours. Each tree shot out scarlet or purple or ivory tips; their very trunks were silver-hued splashed with boding red. The thickets by which we pressed mocked us with fairness while that they gashed and tore us with cruel spikes.

All was astir with hostile life—snakes slid from beneath our feet, apes mocked us from the branches, greater beasts menaced afar. Death everywhere, and no fang nor sting nor crunching jaw would have pity on me. Always about me the black forms, black soulless faces. Tortured by thorns and the cloud of poisonous insects, I struggled on through the blinding heat, the world reeling by, till one day I defied my companions in English and cast myself prone, ready to die where I fell. They dragged me up and on, a half day's march, till we came at night to a river—the Gambia again, I thought, but could not be assured—and by some sense I knew our wandering at end.

The terrible journey was done; what still more terrible goal I had reached I dared not think. I had no will to break my strength by any conjecture, but waited rather what should come. The scene about me was strange enough to hold the thoughts of a man even on the brink of death. At one hand was the great river, narrowed though it was, still a mighty stream. It flowed darkly, save where a ripple showed steel-edged in a passing gleam. I thought of the monstrous creatures which had crashed on its banks or thrust up waiting jaws from beneath the tide, and I shuddered at its calm. Above the stars hung low and throbbed—

the splendour of that alien sky was indifferent and pitiless. All about us rose the dank smell of rotting leaves—the very sense of captivity and death.

I turned my eyes to the mighty knotted trees which encompassed our little isle of openness. Fires blazed redly, sending up shafts of light against the trunks to fade in the thicket of shadows above. Dimly, near the verge of the free space, I could see rough huts, crouched there like living beasts of the forest, and about them moved the uncouth shapes of my captors, blotted in the darkness, gleaming duskily in the red ring of the fire, with a glint on white eyeballs, and teeth which seemed to grin always in a horrid mock and threat.

I looked round on earth and sky, all strange: no leaf on any tree which I had known before; no creature beneath the water or in the woods; no face in all that heathen gathering but turned on me a horror of strangeness. Suddenly through the chattering yells, the wild rattling of drums, broke another sound, the measured beating of iron as on an anvil. The note came to me full of a sense of home, and I stood, in memory, at our village forge by the cross road, listening to the smith at his work while a traveller's horse stamped impatience on the stones. There in the African forest, under the unsparing stars, I looked again across the green of English harvest and pasture beneath our kindly clouded skies. The remembrance brought help in its pain. I would show these savage peoples that I could die as befitted an Englishman and Christian. In the galley I had been one of a herd of driven baited beasts. Here at least I stood alone, a man.

A group of my captors approached me. I saw they had all knives at their girdles, and their spears were tipped with rough iron. They knew, then, how to smelt and hammer metal; thence had come the sound which had been to me as the bells in an English twilight. And now these knives—I faced them and waited.

One who seemed the chief of the party, wearing a necklet of bits of ivory and what looked like gold and—I gripped at my senses and my courage—staring human eyeballs, signed that my bonds should be cut. I was seized by the arms and led forward towards a hut, which stood alone beneath a giant palm. As I moved I heard the deep-mouthed roar of some wild thing far in the forest. The strangeness of the wilderness gathered round me as I came up betwixt one of the great fires and the opening

of the hut. In a ring about us stood the savages: the flames shone red on naked limbs and on bright scant raiment. Every face turned not to me but to that dark vacant opening.

I, too, watched it, and thought of some priest with a sacrificial knife, or a barbarian chief eager for the flesh of victims.

A huge clamour of drums and voices, and a figure stepped forth from the shadows into the red outreaching light. All the pressure of a strange and savage world I had endured, but at that I cried out in craven fear, in terror of a familiar sight more dread than any dreadful strangeness. The man which stood there in that ring of pagan folk was surely of the world which I had left—ay, but of the past of that world. For the stained buff coat he wore was such as soldiers had borne when the first Charles was king: the hair was long and loose on his shoulders, after the fashion of the Cavaliers, and across his breast was a crimson scarf. On his face, too, was the seal of the past, yet was it not so much the look of age as of youth arrested.

For a moment the stranger's eyes met mine with the gaze of one who strains across great waters. Then the certainty of madness overcame me. Wrenching myself from my captors I turned and fled, to be stayed by an arrow in my shoulder.

They dragged me back to the feet of the savage chief, who was yet so surely no savage, and I cried out on him in English as he bent his eyes on me. He spoke, but it was in the barbarous tongue of those about me, giving some order. Instant to his will, two of the Africans bent over me, and I felt their sharp knives in my shoulder. I had counted on torture, but not that it should be thus inflicted at the word of one who might, in seeming, have ridden in those civil wars whereof the noble rumour yet sounded. Shuddering I closed my eyes, and felt a searing touch of heated metal. Then something cool pressed the hurt. I was lifted and borne a few paces, and set gently down.

I found myself within the hut, stretched on a couch of rudely woven matting. In the centre of the place burned a low fire, which scarce lightened the darkness. Outside I could hear the barbarous chanting with its long wild cadence. I shivered, thinking of the figure which moved there in mocking semblance of the world I knew. Hope, and even desire of escape, had left me. I lay dumb, surrendered.

Time passed; the purple African night must have been drawing to its close ere the clamour without died down. And

still I was not led forth to my doom. At length a foot grated, the door—twisted of long strips of bark—was pushed back, and he entered whom I most dreaded.

He stood a moment gazing through the gloom. I could feel his eyes upon me. Then he dropped somewhat into the fire which gave out a clear bright flame.

‘You are English,’ he said softly; ‘tell me of England.’

The words came slowly, as with a rust of long disuse. I felt my heart quicken to the man, yet I remembered what I had endured.

‘Why did you torture me?’ I cried.

He shook his head, smiling slowly.

‘The arrow was poisoned—’tis their manner of warfare. The knife was needed, see you? My brother used it on himself when once they struck him, but not many could match him there.’

His brother—then he was a man like another, with ties of kindred.

‘Who are you?’ I broke forth.

My question unlocked the floodgates of his memory. In a sudden wildness of words he told me of himself and his past.

Listening, the giant unfriendly forest drew away, and the savage sounds, growl and mutter, and roar changed into the purposeful note of war, marching feet, the clank of steel, a trumpet blare, and warcries in our gallant English tongue. He told me of olden battles when he had ridden with his brother, Prince Rupert, leading on the Cavaliers for God and King Charles. For this man which spoke to me from the encroaching shadows was Maurice, Prince Palatine, lost at sea—so all men held—many a year ago, years whereof himself had lost the count. He spoke of the voyages through which he had followed his brother—still leader, always leader, he said and smiled—wild journeyings wherein they were loyal admirals in truth, yet mere pirates as well, venturers and broken men. And as he spoke I, crouched in the dark beside him, saw the blue water, shot with fire, the islands of spice and palm, and divined the hopes wherewith the venturers had set forth and the driftwood of fulfilment.

So rapt from myself I was that when he made halt and cast a handful of bright-burning nuts upon the embers, I started in renewed panic at the things around.

‘But that was long since,’ I cried; ‘since then you have lived—’

'I have not lived—I have waited,' he made answer, and I saw the unchanged youth through his worn face.

Swept into sudden wreckage nigh the Indies, his Highness had been saved by a corsair of Algeria. His captors halting to traffic with the Portuguese, he had fallen into the hands of the savages. They had borne him far up the country by deserts where, so geographers tell us, great dragons dwell. These he had not seen, yet many beasts strange and terrible, and rude customs and dread. Daily, at the first, he had awaited death—to be burned in sacrifice, to have his heart torn forth as an offering to the formless Thing they worshipped, or to be thrust forth to die, a dart through the jaws nailing him to silence. But whether they guessed a princely leadership in him, or simply because Heaven so willed, they had held him rather in uncouth honour.

'I am a captive among them, yet a king,' he said; 'it hath been known before.'

He led me to the door and we looked forth; two men set against the unappeasable wilderness. I looked on the river and forest, which breathed in the stillness that deep breath that is only known to the wilds. And above us hung the unperturbed sky. Maurice the Prince at my side looked instead, I deem, on England, the memory whereof had fenced him in from madness.

'When Rupert comes'—Maurice gave a laugh like a cry—'when Rupert comes—he was leader always, and I glad and proud to follow—I have but held the garrison—when he comes there will be conquest. I have stored my gold and ivory, bit by bit, against the hour when the Cause should need it. He will discover the city of which my people tell, many moons to the south, a city with roofs of gold. And at last, at last, the King shall be served aright.'

Wonder came over me as I thought on Prince Rupert as I had seen him at Court—a wearied man, whose smile stung like a taunt. He moved in the King's palace as one who watches a masque and is not beguiled. And here in the wilderness his brother dreamed dreams of youth.

The flooded river shivered along its length like a writhing snake, and a dull scent rose and hung about us.

'The air grows deadly,' said Prince Maurice, and would have turned back. But I paused to look on a figure crouched close at hand, half seen in the doorway's glow.

'What is this?' But even as I spoke it stirred, and I saw the

eyes fixed doglike on the Prince. He gave a quick word, and the woman slid shadowlike into the shadows.

Moved by some fear of treachery I questioned of the lurking watcher—the chief's daughter, he told me, who should be wed to the next leader of the tribe, not uncomely in her savage fashion.

‘And will you wed her?’ I questioned, ‘for she surely loves you.’

‘Therefore I cannot,’ he said and smiled, for that I could not understand.

And while we stood together the breath of the waste places quickened to a stir. One instant the night was a marvellous dusk of purple, then the trees fired like torches: light struck along every jewelled creeper, the river flashed, and day leaped on us like a lion.

Three times the sun rose, and three times the terrible moon of the south, and we tarried together in the camp.

I heard of my companion's wanderings, of the strife with neighbouring tribes, when he had taught his own to forge and fashion steel, the hunt of great beasts, of the manner wherein he had won those tusks of ivory and the gold snatched from the depths dug long since by vanished peoples. Yet ever and again he turned to the past and to England, and when I would have heard of the hidden springs of the rivers, of the sands where salamanders sport, and of the isles of the Hesperides, which be close, men say, to those shores, he spoke of the peace after long striving, of the truth and right which should reign when the King had conquered all his foes.

I know not what held me from saying that the King—his sacred Majesty Charles II.—had long reigned at Whitehall.

He spoke and I parried his questions or was silent, and there would come, borne to us from the menace of the unpeopled forest, a dry and deep roar of some monstrous beast anhungered.

I stared at the bright poison growths, at the sucking, seeking tendrils flung from tree to tree, and thought the England he spake of a more alien land than this ancient and uninvaded strangeness. For he spoke of old wrongs righted, of peace and honour regnant, of the seas linked by our loyal ships. And I remembered the doubtful strife wherein I had looked my last on English faces, a strife first begun on this same Afric coast which had circled its way to our shores—Dutch and English in a death grip of mastery over the uncharted places of the earth. He spoke of a king who should restore ancient order and lift the standard trampled beneath

the feet of the Ironsides. I had seen the King smiling and gaming at Whitehall among his fair light women.

All had seemed well enough when I, too, jested with the player Nell and bowed to my lady Castlemaine, ay, though the navy rotted and Dutch ships flouted us in our harbours. Now, I know not why, 'twas other in the encompassing solitude and savagery, while the man beside me builded a past which had been and a present which was not, and the great voice of the wilderness snarled derision.

So we tarried together, and the barbarous folk ringed our lives in and did not touch them. I schemed escape, but when I spoke thereof to my companion he put the thought far from him as one who fears the fulfilment of desire. And, watching him, I wondered at length whether it were needful that in such case a man should sink to be savage among savages or be but the shadow of an olden life. For such he seemed, still turned to memory, and to hope which was but an echo of memory, till I too, in mad moments, half looked to see Rupert break through the ranked opposing forest as long since he had charged through opposing ranks of the enemy. I tried to lay hold on the things about me, but their strangeness flung me back. And still I dreaded the sick and stifling air and fever of blood and brain.

Then God had pity and sent peril.

A neighbouring tribe fell upon us in the stillness before the onrush of dawn, were once thrust back and once again came on.

Then I saw that Prince Maurice had been in truth a general. For his dreams fell from him, and with swift word and deed he arrayed his pagan army. About the huts were palisades built, woven thick and strong with thorny growths, and there the women sheltered, and thence came showers of darts among the enemy.

Our assailants came creeping through the wood, crouched behind their shields, their heads, decked with barbarous gauds, peering menace at us. And, sudden as the wild beasts, their kindred, they leaped from stealth to fierceness and hurled themselves across the open with cries that were not human.

Maurice had drawn his men into a rough line, and they rushed upon their oncoming foes with a savage mimicry of a charge, shocked upon and drove them back. Followed a striving, mad as a horror of fever—shield against shield, black writhen limbs and faces that grinned and glared over the jetting blood. Spears smote hollow upon rattling shields, the shrieks of pain and rage

rang out and were answered by mocking voices of beast and bird from the forest deeps. Half in the blinding sun they fought, half in the vault of the wood. And flowery masses, crimson and white and streaked with clashing colours, dropped from the gloom above and lay tumbled upon the dying and the dead.

One great African strode from the rest against me, swinging his sword—one of ours, I divined, and poisoned like the arrow from which only steel and fire had saved me. I had not known myself for a coward, but I shrank from him sickening, my eyes held by his huge body, black and gleaming, and the ferocious face. An idol of savage war-worship it seemed, no man which faced me. Yet I gripped my weapon—a native sword it was—and made ready for onslaught. Who could fence with a hurricane of the tropics? The chief leaped upon me: he held his sword, not in our fashion, but with his hand beneath the hilt, as we grip a dagger, which did yet further disorder me. I hewed and parried blindly and saw once a gout of blood upon the black bare chest, yet knew death grinned and gained upon me.

Sudden a sword flashed between. Prince Maurice stood there and the chief turned on him. I fell back, and those about us stunted in their bloody work, while the two fought, England and Afrique at grapple. As I watched the sure swift sword-play, I doubted not of the issue, though Maurice bore no shield. He held back that giant fierce bulk with an unswerving edge of steel. Once a blow fell which had slain a white man, but the savage held to it, the gaping lips of the wound opening and closing as he moved. A last feint, a thrust, and the chief stumbled prone with a cry like the very death-cry of the wilderness. And Maurice, springing across his body to other foes, shouted aloud in English and called on his brother's name.

I, too, plunged into the *mêlée*, finding these leaping fiends could be slain like men. But they outnumbered us sorely, and we were pressed within our defences. As we stood there behind the thorny barrier, they thronged against us, neither side making much account of darts: some fought with arrows fixed in them and quivering. In the medley of black forms, bedizened with feathers and skins, brandishing their strange weapons in strange ways, stood that one figure, a cavalier of King Charles, and dealt death—a forgotten wary on his lips.

Then, while yet the struggle swayed uncertain came a crashing in the wood, and there plunged forth that mighty beast an elephant

—tusked and serpent-tongued, monstrous to behold—and there were natives clinging to and guiding it. It smote our foes in the rear and they wavered in panic.

‘Our Horse and our reserves,’ said Prince Maurice, beside me as he gripped the spear of an enemy and cleft the arm which wielded it. ‘Now upon them, for God and the King!’ and he sprang forth, I following, rent with choking laughter.

Between two onslaughts our assailants broke and fled, and there followed carnage worse than the fight. Maurice wearied not of slaying, but I sickened of the work. One wounded wretch, twisting at my feet, I would have spared and turned to the Prince with my plea. He silenced me shuddering.

‘Take no prisoners!’ and gave the *coup-de-grâce*.

Then I understood.

At length all was ended, and only the dead were left amid the mockery of scattered tropic flowers.

I went up to our leader where he stood over a man which lay bent backward in the death-throe, both hands clenched at the spear-shaft in his breast.

The Prince roused at my coming.

‘Victory!’ he said, wheeling to greet me.

Some devilry moved me to echo his own words.

‘Victory,’ I said, and smiled, ‘for God and King Charles.’

And even as I spoke I saw the despair of unending exile sweep across his face. He turned from me covering his face, and I heard him sob like a woman.

The Afric girl I had seen before came from a hut, stepping across the pools of blood, and crouched before him, a bowl of palm-juice in her hands.

On the fight there followed barbarous ceremonial of triumph, mourning, and revenge. They could love and hate, these pagan peoples, even as ourselves. One warrior I saw kneeling by a slain friend or kinsman, loose the dead man’s sandal, and bind it on his own foot to wear for remembrance or for vengeance. And a sense of fellowship woke in me at the sight.

But one pageant they demanded which neither I had divined nor he whom it most concerned. On the morrow of our struggle they met very early on the banks of the river, the fighting men drawn together in their uncouth bravery having, I grew to feel, something of fitness with the untamed place where they stood. On the one hand the forest reared itself, impregnable; on the

other swept the river, vexed and turbid. The bank beyond was flat, and there the mist lay so heavy that it seemed a plain of water stretched out endless.

Nigh to the water's edge was a seat or throne curiously twisted, and offerings were laid before it—flowers and fruit and ghastly trophies of the dead. Beside this, as I drew near, stood Prince Maurice, and with him three of the tribe—one a priest bearing a sacred drum—and at his feet knelt that same girl, the chief's daughter, decked out with strings of ivory and gold and pebbles which yet might be gems. The Prince beckoned me, and began to speak ere I had well reached him. They would make him king—I gathered the meaning from his swift and troubled words—would wed him to the woman there, and have him to rule over them who had so fought their battles, or they would sacrifice him to the weal of the tribe in some other, perchance some terrible way.

'Yield to them,' I counselled. But he shook his head.

'I am vowed to another work. The King will need me, and Rupert.'

I looked upon him, then at the barbarous court, the mocking crown laid ready, worthless weeds and feathers twisted with its ivory and its gold. The sunlight swam before me; the black figures, the savage pomp of shield and knife and bright, fluttering colour dazzled and were gone. I saw in memory the presence-chamber at Whitehall in its perfectness of beauty, of careless grace and gaiety; I saw the King for whom the Cavaliers, dreaming and believing, had fought and died, enthroned again—ay, among his favourites and his harlots.

In Afrique, fenced by an untrodden world, Maurice might still dream and believe, and, exiled, find his England. I laughed to myself, avowing it. Rupert, at the King's side, even fighting the King's battles, had long foregone such follies.

'Your Highness,' I said, 'his Majesty hath come to his own again, and rules at Whitehall. Prince Rupert, your brother, has mourned you as dead these many years.'

'The King has come to his own; then he needs me not,' said the Prince; and I saw age fall on him as he spoke. 'And Rupert—but Rupert will seek me,' he ended with a great cry.

But I took up the crown and held it towards him.

There came a silence upon us, and Prince Maurice turned his eyes to the flooded river. A light grew in them as he gazed.

'Did I not say he would come? Look you—the ship!' And he pointed to the water, where never ship could sail.

I strained my eyes over the misty plain, half believing in reason's despite, as I heard him welcome every familiar line and the ship rose in his words, complete with widespread sails and carven prow, and eager watchers crowded on her poop.

'I knew Rupert would seek me,' cried Prince Maurice, his eyes still on the phantom vessel, which sailed for him alone. And by this the sun had pierced the mist in a great red foreboding glow, and a path of crimson stretched from shore to shore. The light incarnadine smote the Prince's face as he gazed and showed in it rapture and youth and the high assurance of deliverance. Then he looked back over the people with something of kindness, wellnigh of regret.

'But we will come again,' he said, and his glance kindled. 'England shall yet bear sway in Afrique—ay, despite Portugal and these invading Dutch. She shall span the deserts and pierce even these forests, and the earth shall give up its treasures. Yes, we will surely come and conquer for our King, and reach the hidden city of gold. But now Rupert waits me.'

He turned again to the water, but stayed him beside the kneeling girl. Raising her to her feet he looked in her eyes, and then bent suddenly and kissed her cheek, as he might have saluted any highborn lady of his kinsman's court. Then, still with that welcoming and dauntless joy in his eyes, he walked steadily on towards that waiting unseen ship till he reached the river bank, till the earth failed beneath his feet.

As he sank a wild clamour of cries rose from the savages about and blended with the splash and swirl of the waters, and a cloud of arrows hissed out and up. Something else started into horrid life. A great log, so I had thought it, half hid in mud at the river's edge, opened huge, spike-set jaws and showed itself the monster it was. While I shuddered at the creature's nearness to the Prince a form shot by me—a woman's—and cleft the water hard between the two. As the fierce jaws clashed on their prey I sickened, veiling my eyes. When next I dared to see there was but the unrevealing river.

'Twas I that lifted Prince Maurice to the shore, his voyage being ended. He was unscathed, save for the one mortal arrow which from above had pierced his forehead, where they would have set the crown.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

